

Arts AND *Decoration*

DECEMBER 1932 • JOHN HANRAHAN, PUBLISHER • PRICE FIFTY CENTS



The theatre season is upon us

WITH certain agonizing exceptions, the play-houses are now providing well rounded entertainment for mature-minded theatre-goers.

At which, very naturally, we of THE STAGE rejoice. For we prefer pointing with pride to viewing with alarm. It is no small part of our exciting job to point to those performances which achieve genuine distinction. Now, as the theatre season swings under way, more and more plays worthy of attention come upon the boards.

THE STAGE appraises and evaluates them for you, and illumines their best moments with good pictures and well written text. In THE STAGE you will find the cream of the jest, the high spot of the evening's entertainment, compelling incident of good theatre—all presented in a manner to enhance your play-going pleasures.

Good playwriting, good play producing, good acting—all are themes of which the editors of THE STAGE never tire.

And it must be that our enthusiasms are contagious. For a rapidly growing host of alert men and women are turning to THE STAGE these days to find in its luxurious pages comment and interpretation which complements their deep interest in things of the theatre.

Try poring over the current issue of THE STAGE. You'll like its spirit of friendly sincerity.

Now, as the season gets into full stride, add pleasure to your play-going with your monthly copy of THE STAGE.



THE STAGE

50 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK

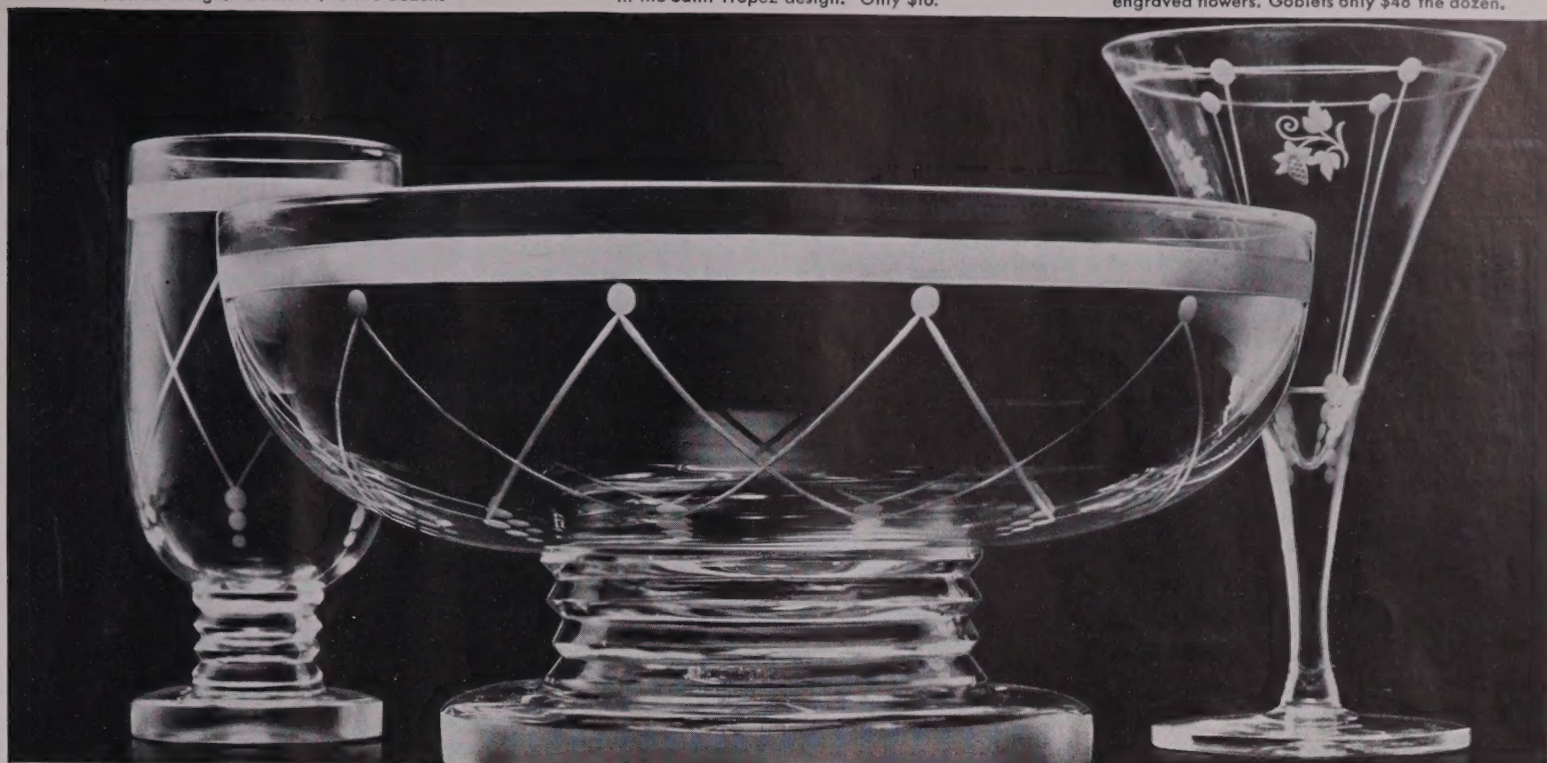
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Around Town as the Christmas Shopping Season Opens

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



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CHILDREN'S toys and furniture in an unusually diversified selection are available at Childhood, Inc., at this season. Of outstanding appeal, among the newest toys for the younger child, is the amusing giraffe carried out in blue and white linen. Then there are the chubby little terriers done in brilliant plaid and red and white checks. Even the pull-toys take on new expressions, such as the crow, chicken and peacock.

The Noah's Ark, illustrated, is packed to overflowing with a crew of hand-carved animals. The lamp shows a pottery donkey base.

For the older child there is modern doll's furniture copied after pieces for the little girl's own use. There are single beds for life-sized dolls, chairs, and a box-shaped table with two chairs that slide within it.

Maison de Linge, 844 Lexington Ave.



LINENS for the table and the house, representing the latest importations, combine to indicate the mode at the Maison de Linge.

Colorful runner sets with triangular Beauvais embroidery are lovely, as are the sets in fine Swiss net with linen appliqué motifs, showing deer. This same type of work is seen in the cocktail napkins, illustrated. Another runner set in white organdy has a modern flower appliqué on its seventeen pieces. An embroidered guest towel and two finger tip towels, to match, are in pastel colorings with Milan lace and embroidery. The breakfast tray set has a colored fruit appliqué on green or peach linen.

Other attractive gifts are the crêpe de Chine blanket covers with satin bands and monograms, and a

The Smart Shops and Galleries



Yamanaka, 680 Fifth Avenue

sharply contrasting new black and white bath set which is reversible.

ORIENTAL art with its subtle appeal is stressed in beautiful flower holders at Yamanaka's, and with them the accessories required to make an artistic Japanese flower arrangement. An unusual display is also made of semi-precious stone lamps with satin and batik shades. Complete smoking sets and indi-

ting pair of rooster candlesticks; then the after-dinner "tête-à-tête" coffee tray in green and white, with a duck-shaped coffee pot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl. Next is an egg holder in yellow, red and green, showing a strictly modern setting-hen and openings to hold six eggs; also, the rabbit pepper and salt on a tiny tray for breakfast.

The flower and bulb bowls of French faience accent colorful flower decorations.

Among the smaller furniture is a nest of four pink Italian tile top tables, of Chinoise design, mounted in wrought iron and most useful as individual smoking stands. In closet accessories there is everything you could imagine, and painted wood mouldings for shelves to replace those of silk and chintz.

MODERN accessories in their smartest interpretations are displayed at L'Élan's new shop in a stock that has been greatly increased for the holidays. The bridge chair, illustrated, of satin finish Monel metal, is a representative piece of their furniture. This is covered in an



The Closet Shop, 780 Madison Ave.

vidual jade ashtrays are offered at unusually low prices and there are other intriguing gifts in trays, complete desk sets, bookends, brocade covered photograph frames and folios and Chinese paintings on glass.

The flower bowl is of carved green and white cameo glass. The yellow vase, in deep relief, is one of a pair. The coffee set and tray are of the finest red and gold Japanese lacquer, impervious to heat.

FRENCH China and faience, as shown by the group from The Closet Shop, charm not only with their color but in the application of their design. For example, the strut-



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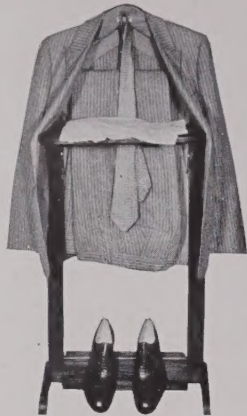
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effective green striped fabric. The table is of the same metal with a black glass top and on it is a tray of mirror glass, mounted in chromium. On this is a beverage set in crystal and black glass and a crystal cocktail shaker.

Lalique vases, tall, graceful high-ball glasses and a crystal cigarette box with an ashtray lid, engraved on the under side, with glass of special design by André Hunebell, augment a large choice in glassware. Steuben table stemware of new de-



Edward Garratt, 485 Madison Ave.

sign supplements these, and many interesting new shapes in alabaster glass with black that have been made into lamps.

As a recent departure, imported linen runner sets have been introduced with colorful Beauvais embroidery motifs and an adorable child's bib, that folds up into an embroidered case, of yellow linen, with flowers or a cupid design. Pastels and etchings by recognized contemporary artists make other charming gifts. With a shop devoted

to accessories, this firm also continues their complete furnishing of interiors, baths and penthouses.

GIFTS that range from the practical and inexpensive to those of luxurious indulgence are obtainable at Altman's, to please the most fastidious taste.

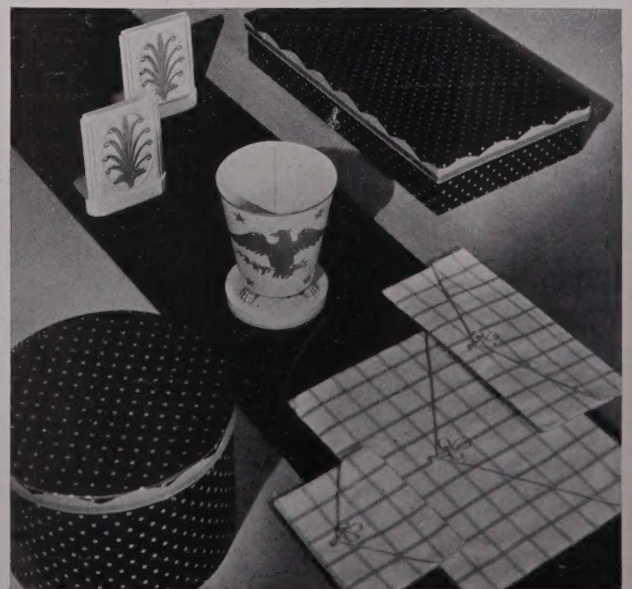
In the accompanying group are hat and blouse boxes, covered in black with gold dots and edged with scalloped red bandings, undeniably smart. Then there is the red plaid linen set for lingerie, handkerchiefs and small trifles, most convenient for the week-end visit. Tôle is also exploited in this department, as is seen in the ivory colored flower pot container, decorated with a gold eagle. The white and gold enameled wood book-ends likewise have distinction.

In glassware, the new, hand-blown Steuben is shown in crystal cocktail mugs, very small, and a vase depicting a parachute jumper.

The newest table linens include a gay, natural linen cloth with a blue, red and green band border. This is effectively used with Mexican or Italian pottery and is exceedingly colorful and smart.

LAMPS of distinction with shades of the most exquisite delicacy and workmanship are featured by Edward Garratt for both retail and wholesale customers. With the popular trend of the Directoire influence, the lamps this season stress white and gold. The one shown here is of white porcelain with gold and a white taffeta shade trimmed with interlaced gold metallic loops. The white porcelain figures are Louis XV reproductions.

Boxes in French porcelain, alluring in their beauty of color, are available in varying sizes, as most acceptable gifts. There are, likewise, "cache pôts" and a collection of furniture of great rarity.



B. Altman & Company, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street

The Smart Shops and Galleries



Florentine Craft Co., 54 West 21st St.

HAND-TOOLED leather articles that have won a permanent popularity are manufactured by the Florentine Craft Company and sold through the larger department stores and specialty shops. Only the finest hand tooling is employed to decorate the various articles in Florentine calf or Morocco leather. The desk set, illustrated, is typical of the work executed here. This is of black calf inlaid with green.

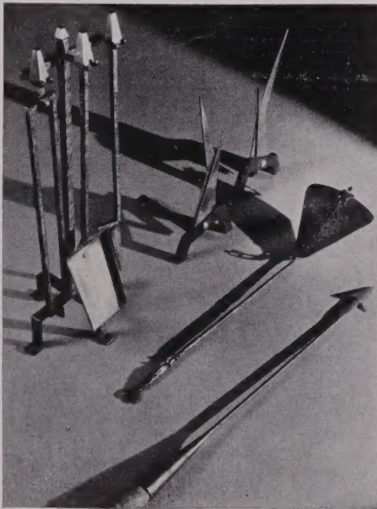
As a fund of gift suggestions the list of these articles is almost endless, but among the most useful may be included magazine racks, waste baskets and bookends.

FIREPLACE accessories with individuality have been carefully studied by Edwin Jackson, as is notably expressed in the hand-wrought steel fire set in a stand denoting a distinctly modern handling, and the steel and copper andirons.

A timely gift comes next in a "hot dog" roaster of hand-wrought steel. In the foreground is a harpoon log roller with a natural wood handle with the bark, described as "Moby Dick"—an exact copy of an old New England harpoon used on a whaler. One of the newest andirons is an exact copy of a favorite tree, in silhouette, made for a country-house fireplace. This design was also applied to a spark screen. One's horse or dog may also be perpetuated in a similar manner.

Franklin stoves, both old and copies, and period mantels are featured, as well, in moderately priced examples of the Victorian, Empire, Biedermeier and Directoire types.

ANTIQUES provide most acceptable gifts for the person who "has everything." The bookends shown here, from George W. Funk, are made of old Spanish tiles mounted in wrought iron. These are also adaptable as door stops and small table tops. The Italian green bronze inkwell, copied from an original, is of a type especially suitable for a man's desk. The 17" lamp



Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60th St.

made from a green eighteenth-century Spanish pottery vase, on a wrought-iron stand, with a mica shade, is likewise suggestively masculine. Others include alabaster bases mounted with genuine parchment shades.

Coffee stands and other small tables in antique walnut are available, together with Italian mirrors and old Spanish perfume bottles.

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Arts AND Decoration

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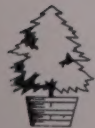
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In the Spirit of the Medici

THE JOSEPH B. THOMASES HAVE CAPTURED THE MOOD OF THE
MAGNIFICENT DAYS OF OLD ITALY IN THEIR NEW YORK HOME



BY ELINOR HILLYER

WHETHER you greet the theory of reincarnation with respectful consideration or raucous laughter, you begin to feel as if you had stepped back into the Renaissance as soon as you cross the threshold of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Thomas in New York. The paneled walls, the great fireplace, the tapestries, the mullioned windows are not incongruous with your assuming the personality of almost any Italian of that magnificent period—even that of the great Lorenzo himself.

The Thomases gave reincarnation a try once, at what is still voted one of the most amusing parties ever given in New York—the Lorenzo party, at which everybody dressed as some famous Renaissance character, and Charles Hanson Towne came as the Borgia Pope—but that is another story.

East Nineteenth Street, between Irving Place and the "L", is a quaint mixture of the past and present, and this house in the middle of the block follows the general pattern. Only it skips right over the part of the past which is Little Old New York and Gramercy Park; in fact, it steps from the Italy of the New Birth

Mrs. Thomas's own artistic hand is felt in the richness of the color treatment of the dining room. The red goblets and bottles which stand with antique blue ones in a row in front of the Gothic windows with stained glass medallions, were made up to her own design by Murano in Venice. The ceiling panels, which Mrs. Thomas did herself, are old French hunting scenes in brilliant colors. All the furniture is antique Italian and Spanish. The portrait is Mrs. Thomas in Mediaeval costume



into today as if it had worn a pair of seven league boots. The last five hundred years do not exist as soon as you are inside the foyer with its carved oak linenfold panels. Outside a Gothic front in the Elizabethan manner, with wrought iron and a carved door, tell you a little of what to expect.

But nothing tells you to expect such a living room. It, too, is paneled in the same dark oak, and lighted by one tremendous window at the far end, which is really a cluster of smaller Gothic windows, leaded-paned and decorated with heraldic designs in stained glass. Nothing tells you to expect a ceiling so high that smoke, rising against its molded plaster vaulting, is buffeted about like small clouds.

This room, designed by Mr. Thomas, himself, and Fred Sterner, architect, takes in both the ground floor and what is generally known as the "parlour"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE HUTCHINSON

The splendid Renaissance bed and carved armoire in Mrs. Thomas's bedroom is in the spirit of the linenfold panels. The chair is draped in gold brocade in the same manner as the two red velvet chairs in the living room. Above: The stairway as seen from the dining room door, showing old French carved woodwork which the Thomases discovered in a Paris second hand shop

THE ACCESSORIES FOR A RICH AND COLORFUL MODERN
CARVINGS OF MRS. THOMAS' BEDROOM, AND IN THE



LIFE FIND A HAPPY BACKGROUND AGAINST THE OLD
GREAT SPACIOUSNESS OF HER COLORFUL LIVING ROOM

Beyond the great window at the back one can glimpse a
brick garden wall and fountain. On the right, a corner
of Mrs. Thomas' room with her easel set. She is known
for her murals under the name of Clara Fargo Thomas





Candlelight is caught and reflected in the waxed surface of the old Italian refectory table, and highlights play hide and seek with their own images, in the two Venetian glass bottles and goblets of vermilion. The small goblets are antique blue Bristol glass, and the service plates are old Spanish pottery

floor, and is fully two-thirds the length of the house. It gives a sense of vast space in a city house which cannot be more than the classic twenty-five or so feet wide. This feeling is partly accomplished by the treatment of the surrounding rooms. The foyer from which one enters the living room has a low overhanging ceiling, and the stairway is picturesquely narrow and winding. The dining room is on a balcony overlooking the great room below, and although by actual measurement a fair sized room, its lowness

overhead, heavily beamed, has a shrinkening effect.

And into this setting comes color—color on the one hand so glorious—so subtle and retiring on the other—that I despair when I try to talk of it. There seem, however, to be two focal points, the fountain-head and source of all that is brilliant, and from these springs all the softer colors appear to flow. The focal spot in the living room is the two chairs draped in flame velvet before the fireplace. They catch the firelight, and augmented, (*Continued on page 62*)

In Silver and Gold



Louis Sherry sets a Christmas table for ARTS & DECORATION

PHOTO BY WHITING-SALZMAN

THE SMALL DINNER PARTY WILL BE MUCH IN FASHION THIS HOLIDAY SEASON. THE TABLE ABOVE CARRIES OUT THE IDEA FOR A PARTIE CARRÉE

This intimate and exquisite little table is one of dazzling brilliancy. The cover is cloth of silver with a texture like chiffon. On this are set gold service plates from E. Schmidt & Company, half hidden under heavy lace napkins, and the flat "silver" is a priceless antique set from Freeman of London. The Christmas spirit centers about two Venetian glass Christmas trees in deep, transparent emerald green, with crystal reindeer walking about and nibbling the branches. From Rose Cumming. The glasses, water, champagne and cocktail, are a lighter shade of emerald green, and the one touch of holly color is in the brilliant candles set in silver candelabra. A striking feature of this Christmas table is the combination cigarette and place-card holders. These are in silver, resting on a mat of silver holly leaves, designed by Louis Sherry



PHOTO BY BOWEN L. LANN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA F. 51



Photomurals from Glass

IN BITS OF BLOWN GLASS, THE CAMERA FINDS HALF-DREAMED-OF ENCHANTMENTS FOR MODERN WALLS

WE have never had any experience with hashish, and we have never been down to the sea in Mr. Beebe's bathysphere. But Stella F. Simon's photomurals remind us of both. They have that eerie strangeness that literature attributes to all the best opium dreams—and her marine pictures are enough to convince Mr. Beebe that he is wasting his time in the bathysphere after all. For the entire magic of these new wall decorations is accomplished with glass, small blown glass figures a few inches high, which are designed by Marianna von Allesch. Photographed and magnified scores of times, they move in another world—opaque elephants, translucent plants, grotesque seahorses, startled-looking swordfish, amid shadow castles and crystal seaweed.

Wild and magic pachyderms in the mural above, left, charge, trumpets raised, out of an insubstantial jungle, towards an even more insubstantial castle of little shadowy turrets

And opposite is a glistening desert, across which rides a milk white princess on a milk white elephant, with slaves bearing treasure. A blown glass palm tree near them shades two equally vitreous lovers

The mural on the right reminds us of those fascinating exhibits in the Museum of Natural History, showing how the submerged element lives. Only we think our glass swordfish here has more personality



Massail in Two=Four Time

MRS. ALEXANDER BIDDLE ESTABLISHES A NEW
TRADITION IN HER CHRISTMAS PARTIES

BY SOPHIA YARNALL

CHRISTMAS PARTIES are difficult to keep under control. They almost inevitably fall into one of two moods. They may get completely out of hand in a sentimental oh-so-hearty Charles Dickens manner . . . holly wreaths in the window, plum puddings in the oven, and all sorts of very distant relatives swarming about the house. Or else, they're the much-too-modern variety, with no nonsense about them, and a round of bridge to fill up the long afternoon.

So there you are, between the devil and the deep blue sea. The Dickensian type of thing automatically reduces you to the red-cheeked "God bless everyone" sort of rôle which is so out of character for most moderns. And, on the other hand, the "just another Sunday" type of Christmas leaves us all a bit wistful, a bit reminiscent, a bit disposed to think that, after all, perhaps a little tradition would mellow this much-too-brave new world.

And so it is with really grateful enthusiasm that we salute Mrs. Alexander Biddle's annual Eggnog Party. We feel that our generation definitely owes her a vote of thanks . . . for discovering that Good King Wencelas and Noel Coward mix delightfully well . . . that Bermuda lilies bloom just as well in the Christmas décor as holly and mistletoe . . . and for creating a new tradition in Christmas parties.

It really starts in the kitchen, several days before Christmas. The host, the hostess, and a few intimate friends gather together for the Mixing of the Eggnog. It's quite as much of an event as the old "bringing in of the Yule Log," and requires considerably more finesse. Only old and accomplished eggnoggers are permitted to stir and mix—eggnogs being quite temperamental and inclined to resent being experimented on by amateurs. Here's the receipt—(just in case your interest in this little article is more culinary than literary)—to one egg add one tablespoon of cream, one of sugar, and a sherry glass of rum and brandy mixed. Follow with much beating, stirring, pouring and sampling. The result reminds us that our forefathers knew a thing or two about living well—and what is progress after all?

On Christmas morning the stage is set in the drawing room. It's a long gracious room with a fireplace at each end, and four windows reaching the ceiling. Not a room that can be squeezed into any one century, although most of its furniture is from the Eighteenth Century—pieces which members of the family have collected from time to time. There is some Directoire furniture but Mrs. Biddle says that she rarely sees a piece and likes it that she does not discover it to be from the Eighteenth Century. Nevertheless many tastes and many lands have left their



PHOTO BY RITTASE

Mrs. Alexander Biddle

mark on this room. Here a tiny Chinese laughing Buddha enjoys his private little joke. There you will find a bit of fine French china, the cartoon for an old tapestry.

For the Christmas note—not the familiar traffic signal red and green color scheme, with a dash of tinsel. Instead, Bermuda lilies in every available corner, big white splashes of them—a delightful Christmas decoration started years ago when a friend sent white lilies as a gift from Bermuda, and now an accepted tradition in this house. A few metal Christmas tree balls in silver bowls on the piano. And as the major motif, the Eggnog itself—important in a French china punch bowl, placed on its own very special little table.

Incidentally, that small table has its own history, and illustrates quite picturesquely the fine feeling for perfection in details which is so characteristic of Mrs. Biddle, her home, and her parties. She had searched patiently for just this sort of table, and finally found it one August day in a little Paris shop-window. In she marched and requested to see the table. Madame, la Propriétaire, regretted, but the shop was closed. "May I look at it, and won't you tell me the price?" asked (*Continued on page 53*)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

The eggnog bowl itself sets the stage on Christmas morning, with white Bermuda lilies in every available corner, and silver Christmas tree balls in silver luster bowls on the piano





MRS. ALEXANDER BIDDLE'S DRAWING ROOM

Mrs. Biddle's drawing room, which is also a music room, is a long gracious gallery with a fireplace at either end. Old furniture, old needlework, old Chinese gods—on Christmas they make a background for jovial guests who come and go casually all day long



LOST:

One Santa Claus



... that eighteen karat
Yuletide glint in Tony's eye

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

IF THE same beneficent old soul is still given to filling stockings in the cool of the evening, then he must be functioning elsewhere. At any rate he's certainly not doing his stuff the way he used to. Gone is the steadying influence he once exerted on adolescent morals in early December. Gone the warm, sweet, peace-on-earth, good-will-to-men glow that inundated the hearts of adults and babes alike on Christmas eve. Gone the benevolent tightening of family ties as mama and papa and the little ones gathered together to hang their stockings for the Yuletide harvest. Now the set-up is entirely different and not nearly so good. Instead of mantelpieces and chimneys, they're draping their stockings on bars and brass rails and screaming for old-fashions. Old-fashioned drinks, not old-fashioned Christmases. Which is a crying shame.

Sometimes we stand-patters think it's Mrs. Ella A. Boole who's brought us to such a pass, and sometimes we blame the Weather Bureau that the Santa Claus we used to know is missing. One or the other *must* be responsible for what's happened to the old gentleman these last five or six years, and it burns us up. So much so that we're forced to suggest a heads or tails toss-up, the blame to be pinned on the one who lands with the duller* thud. Now mind you, we're not saying definitely that there isn't any Santa Claus or that all Christmas conviviality is a thing of the past. What we maintain is it's a different kettle of fish since the Weather Bureau abolished snow in connection with December, and Mrs. Boole put speakeasies on the map by way of Prohibition, thereby taking Christmas out of the home.

Before this régime got so firmly entrenched, and while we were still completely at sea as to just what *could* have happened to Mr. Claus, we used to have our chimneys carefully inspected several times a winter to make sure there was no stoppage on our own premises which was responsible for the plump saint's delinquencies. Then for a while we even thought he might have got wedged in a chimney

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Should be "duller" not "dullest." See Woolley's Handbook of Composition.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Duller isn't dull enough. You keep out of this.

somewhere else in the neighborhood. As a matter of fact, we gave up our intensive and neurotic search only after obtaining the advice of several famous bloodhounds, including Mr. Noel Scaffa, who was called in on the case not only because a fine old jewel of a legend was missing but also because of his appropriate first name. These gentlemen at length sold us on the idea that Santa Claus might be somewhere else altogether—lost, kidnapped, or frightened away by wolves. Or that possibly he'd grown sick and tired of trying to make the grade in a sleigh when there was such a deplorable dearth of white Christmases, and had stopped in somewhere for a drink. (The old escape mechanism at work again.) Or, they suggested, he might have heard what rowdy, vociferous fun people were having celebrating Christmas on the run, so to speak,—in night clubs and cocktail parties,—and had decided to give the new indoor sports a trial himself. So we started looking around for him in the East Fifties and occasionally found what we thought were traces of him, though we never could get quite near enough to put salt on his tail.

Now and again we'd think we'd caught up with our quarry. There'd be an eighteen karat Yuletide glint in Tony's eye and a wreath in the little peephole of the speakeasy door (*Continued on page 53*)



... Christmas Day in the
morning—huh!



Looking out towards the Pacific Ocean and the Wiman home, from a nearby hilltop. The typically California house was designed by Edwards and Plunkett, architects, of Santa Barbara

YACHTSMAN'S HAVEN

IT HAPPENS to be just that, this low-lying Spanish farm house, between a hilltop and the deep blue sea. Here, for as much of the year as he can filch from business, lives the skipper of the sloop "Patolita", Champion of the West Coast. Charles Deere Wiman is a yachtsman of note, and if your mind runs to such things, you will know he is a familiar figure in racing events in Long Island Sound and the Great Lakes as well as in the Pacific. But if your mind doesn't run to things nautical, you'll probably click when we say that he is the brother of Dwight Deere Wiman, who produced the first, second and third "Little Shows", of fragrant memory. The house stands on the edge of a seventy-acre estate

at Montecito, and is surrounded by hills and orchards and sunshine. And for a man whose major passion is sailing there is the calm Pacific and the lovely Santa Barbara Bay practically at the front door. The home of the Wimans, itself, is one of the most delightful of the smaller houses built at Montecito recently. With its white stucco walls, red tile roof, and Andalusian blue shutters, it is typical of that style of architecture, part old world, part Mexican, part Mission, which has come to be known as "Santa Barbara". The style adapted itself beautifully to the rare Spanish and Italian antiques which Mr. and Mrs. Wiman collected abroad long before the house was planned as a setting for them.



California furnished the sunshine, and fate the inspiring view, and the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deere Wiman, with its many terraces and outdoor living rooms, takes advantage of both

Because we are convinced every hour in the sun is accounted to righteousness, the terrace above has its own particular appeal. For with the dining table, divan and lazy chairs all one's waking hours might be passed there. Photographs from Sherwood Hall

And here at the right is a corner where a friendly game of bridge may be played. All of the outdoor furniture was designed by Earl Graham of Pasadena, and is admirably appropriate. At the left is an outdoor fireplace covered with a heavy wrought iron grille





The guest rooms are on the second story and are reached in the traditional Mediterranean manner by an outside stairway and balcony, as is shown in the photograph above, on the left. At the foot of the steps is a *lavabo* of gay tiles, which is used as a place to arrange flowers brought from the nearby garden

Left: The dining room looks out through large windows over the hillsides. The unusual hexagonal table is Venetian, as are the chairs. Most of the decoration of the house was done by Mrs. Wiman herself, with the assistance of Mrs. Seth Low, of the firm of Taylor and Low, New York



WHITE AS BACKGROUND FOR BRILLIANT COLOR

In the living room, above, white rough plaster walls are a foil for a dull red tile floor, covered with beautiful Oriental rugs. The room is rather formal with its Seventeenth Century Italian furniture, upholstered in blues and yellows. A Venetian chandelier belonged to Mrs. Wiman's grandmother

The colors in the owner's bedroom again take their cues from a particularly fine Oriental rug, which has the most conspicuous spot on the floor between the bed and a large chest of drawers, both splendid examples of intarsia. The bedspread repeats the soft rose in the rug, the curtains the sea-green



Poverty Row

A SAGA OF OUR TIMES, WHICH HAS
TO DO WITH A CURRENT DILEMMA
MET BRAVELY AND VANQUISHED
WITH GREAT GUSTO AND APLOMB—
AS RELATED BY ELEANOR BARRY



Miss Wyckoff's living room

POVERTY ROW is not its official name, of course.

Its address actually is in the late hundreds of East End Avenue, but it was nicknamed that during a conversation among several impoverished people who were discussing the difficulties of finding really inexpensive apartments in New York that

were not too dreary. We were all in search of the same sort of thing—a place where the upkeep would be practically nil, so that one's fixed expenses could be cut to the bone, thus enabling our deflated budgets to look less unhappy. "Perhaps Bermuda is the answer," someone suggested. "We could go and



In beige and green with smart plaid paper—Miss Barry's dining room was one time a dingy kitchen





Miss Wyckoff's living room carries out the traditional style suggested by her own old pieces of fine mahogany, which is beautifully set off against the shades of blue chosen for the walls, floor and curtains

Miss Barry's living room, with its carpet, walls and hangings in dead white and pale beige, has the sharp, smart contrast of dark blue in the painted valance, the folding shutters, the plaid of the sofa. The chair is covered in white leather and the Franklin stove houses an open coal fire

Miss Barry's living room



Prince Obolensky's living room

This bleak and unattractive room shows the original state of the three living rooms before taste took a hand in their redecoration

Prince Obolensky's living room, at the right, is in brown, burnt orange and yellow. The curtains are of heavy linen, one yellow and one brown, an arrangement worth noting. The grass matting is in beige and brown and the modern sofa is covered to a man's taste in well-tailored linen of dark brown.

The decoration of the rooms shown here was directed by Anne Tiffany, Eleanor Barry and Prince Serge Obolensky





take a house there and live comfortably for almost nothing."

It was Vincent Astor who suggested, not very seriously, I think, that he had some houses of dubious vintage over on the East River with apartments that rented for thirty-five dollars a month.

Instantly thoughts of Bermuda vanished and our attention was riveted by this exciting bit of information.

But there wasn't any steam heat or hot water, he explained, although something might be done about that; and there were clothes lines in the back yard, and the middle rooms were on a well (more of that later), and there weren't any automatic dryers or dining nooks.

And never will be—said we. Serge Obolensky took me over the next morning.

There was a cobble-stone street in front with grass in the crannies and Carl Schurz Park with trees and over the trees Hell Gate Bridge and the river. There were garbage cans huddled around the brownstone front steps and bedding bulging from the windows, too. "But that's just atmosphere," said I.

But the atmosphere inside was of a different vintage. Cabbage and old cigar ends and wet linoleum—a thick and penetrating smell, it greeted you like a too-effusive friend in the dark, narrow halls and followed you up the steep stairs into the flats.

Thirty years ago it was the custom to build what are known as railroad flats: that is, apartments running from the front of the building to the rear in a succession of box-like rooms, the inside ones being ventilated by the before-mentioned wells between the buildings. And that is how these were arranged. My first glimpse of my future home would have made the original Pollyanna tongue-tied. The late tenants, after a quarter-century of occupancy, had moved out leaving piled in the middle of the floor the most extraordinary collection of bird cages, bustles, false hair, broken furniture and crockery that I have ever viewed. From the ceilings writhed chandeliers of tarnished brass; from the walls dropped strips of bilious flowered paper. There were bits of stained glass over the doors and the bath room was of the period of early McKinley.

"But it's a lovely view," we told each other weakly. Then we went to work. We scuttled about mentally ripping out partitions—the two front rooms would make one sizable living room, and the kitchen at the back was perfect for a bedroom, tiny kitchen and dining room in the middle. "I shall do my living room in dead white and blue," I announced. "And there are fireplaces. We can have open fires." But the agent shook his head. "The chimneys won't draw," he said, "unless you want to use (*Continued on page 60*)

Across the ivy of the front window boxes is Carl Schurz Park, the East River and Hell Gate Bridge—one of New York's best views; and at the back is a collection of New York's best—and most colorful—clothes lines. Inhabitants of Poverty Row will tell you that even Venice has nothing better to offer

Cheer for Christmas

COMES IN MANY GUISES AND DISGUISES—THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE A PORTFOLIO OF NOT-TOO-USUAL GIFTS FOR EVERY FESTIVE MOOD

THE question before the house, ladies and gentlemen, is not whether it is more blessed to swap cocktail shakers at Christmas than fancy coat hangers, silk stockings and ties, but whether it is blessed to "swap" at all. At any rate it is unnecessary. The world is too full of exciting and delightful things. So if you are the sort of person we are, and find that mind and imagination take holiday the minute you have to think of gifts for this one and that one—thumb through the next few pages. If you have friends who entertain, friends who get a fillip from the modern or a thrill from the antique—here are just a few suggestions which may be the basis for your inspiration.

Tall tapers to gleam beside crystal and silver; fat red candles; toy-like candles to transform your table into a veritable grove of Christmas trees—when you assemble holiday cheer consider these. The three tapers decorated with holly and pine are from A. Ajello. A red candle is redder in a milk-glass candlestick; another sparkles in an etched hurricane globe. Olivette Falls. The round U candlesticks are chromium or copper. Madolin M. Maplesden. The U-shaped angular stick, the silvered Italian pottery one just above it, and the low silver lustre holder to the extreme left, are Bonwit Teller's; metal poinsettia and bayberry candles, Lord and Taylor's. Long candles, richly red, from Can-Die-Luxe. Tree-shaped candles and wooden tree, Rena Rosenthal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA SIMON





Above: Gifts any woman would appreciate. A mirror cigaret box, may be monogrammed, Madolin Maplesden; metal animal ashtray, and an extremely neat small one of gun-metal and brass, both from Rena Rosenthal; bedside smoking set, of delicate green glass, from Ehrich Galleries; and a clever bottle-shaped lighter, Abercrombie & Fitch

At the right: the sturdy walnut smoking stand can serve as a bench or tea-table, and has an ashtray and a fool-proof lighter embedded in the top. The stand and white metal bridge smoking set are from Abercrombie & Fitch. Ship's lantern humidor, Lewis & Conger. Turquoise horse-shaped pottery cigaret box, from Bonwit Teller. Modern crystal monogrammed ashtray, from Cheltenham, Incorporated

“....JOLLITY

TIMES have changed, however, since our venerable and merry old friend's day. The “pipe” has elaborated itself into an array of variations which take the eye as well as cheer the soul. The “bowl” has come all the way from a utensil to a fine art. But fundamentally they are the same—all part of the tradition of sociability and conviviality, which has contributed its share to holiday good will.

Now we are strong for old traditions, particularly at Christmas, but that is no reason why we should take them straight. Even our traditions we like in modern dress. That is why some of the latest aids to inhaling and imbibing have caught our fancy. We like the idea of a cigaret box all done with mirrors, and we would feel very kindly towards the person who filled our stocking with beverage glasses numbered so nobody's glass could get mixed up with anybody else's, even under conditions most favorable for communism.



IN PIPE AND BOWL"

If you are very brave or very knowing, you may give him a pipe, but, if neither, you can't stray far with a trim mahogany tobacco box and pipe holder, Abercrombie & Fitch, or a capacious crystal ash-tray, Ovington's. Below: We take you backstage at once to show off the galvanized non-leak ice drawer of a very smart black and chromium folding bar. The bottle rack pours only one drink at a time. The glasses beneath are numbered in sterling. All from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The red and chromium striped glasses in the bottom tray, and the "Bar Open" sign are from Lewis & Conger. Tall German beer glasses and pitcher, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Double shaker that keeps the ice from melting in the drinks; Hammacher, Schlemmer. Frosted monogrammed cocktail glasses, plaid cocktail napkins; Cheltenham. Old-fashioned bar towel and holder, Saks

Christmas, like Old King Cole, seems to call for the clink of glasses and the friendly curl of smoke



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN





English pieces for a man's desk



Betraying the Victorian touch

Immediately above is a group of gifts in the English tradition, for a gentleman who works at a desk. The old letterpress in polished wood holds a row of books in a new manner—by compression from above. The file for answered and unanswered letters is of matching wood, as is also a pencil rack shown to the left. A converted sand-shaker holds quills, and in the center foreground stands a rare Sheffield desk piece with a revolving globe cover, which contains an inkwell, sand-shaker and seal. The entire group of accessories is from Mrs. Ehrich Company

Good Queen Victoria gave her name to the decorative style represented at the right, above. Every member of this assemblage, with the sole exception of the supercilious china pug dog, works for its keep. The curtain is held by a hand-and-wreath tieback in gilt wood, from Jones and Erwin. The crystal cornucopia vase holds flowers gracefully; English Antique Shop. Flowers from Olivette Falls. The amiable blackamoor is a bottle for what you will, with his head for a stopper; the china box, its lid gently constrained by the ubiquitous Victorian hand, conceals an inkwell; the pug is satisfied to be purely decorative as well he may. These last three are from Mrs. Helen Bruce

The fragile and naïve lady pirouetting on the black glass base in the picture at the right, above, is of Barovier, a new Italian solid glass. The bowl which she dominates is of mottled glass and will hold flowers either with or without the lady. The modern triple chromium candlestick makes a happy accompaniment for the chromium cigar and cigarette holder. The boxes of appropriate size are lined with suède and are combined with a match box on the same base. Modern pieces are from Rena Rosenthal



PHOTO BY DANA B. MERRILL

Right—Assorted bibelots in the modern manner. The goose-neck lamp and cylindrical aquarium; and the salad set, scattered through the picture, including three globular shakers for salt, pepper, paprika, two chromium topped bottles for oil and vinegar, one chromium mixing dish for dressing, and one crystal bowl with serving tools; from Russel Wright. Fish plates, adorned with scarlet lobster; B. Altman. Blown glassware from Contemporaria; designed by Vally Wiesselthier. Metal horse and his brother in carved wood, wire caricatures of contemporary notables, and smoking accessories in chromium and wood; Rena Rosenthal

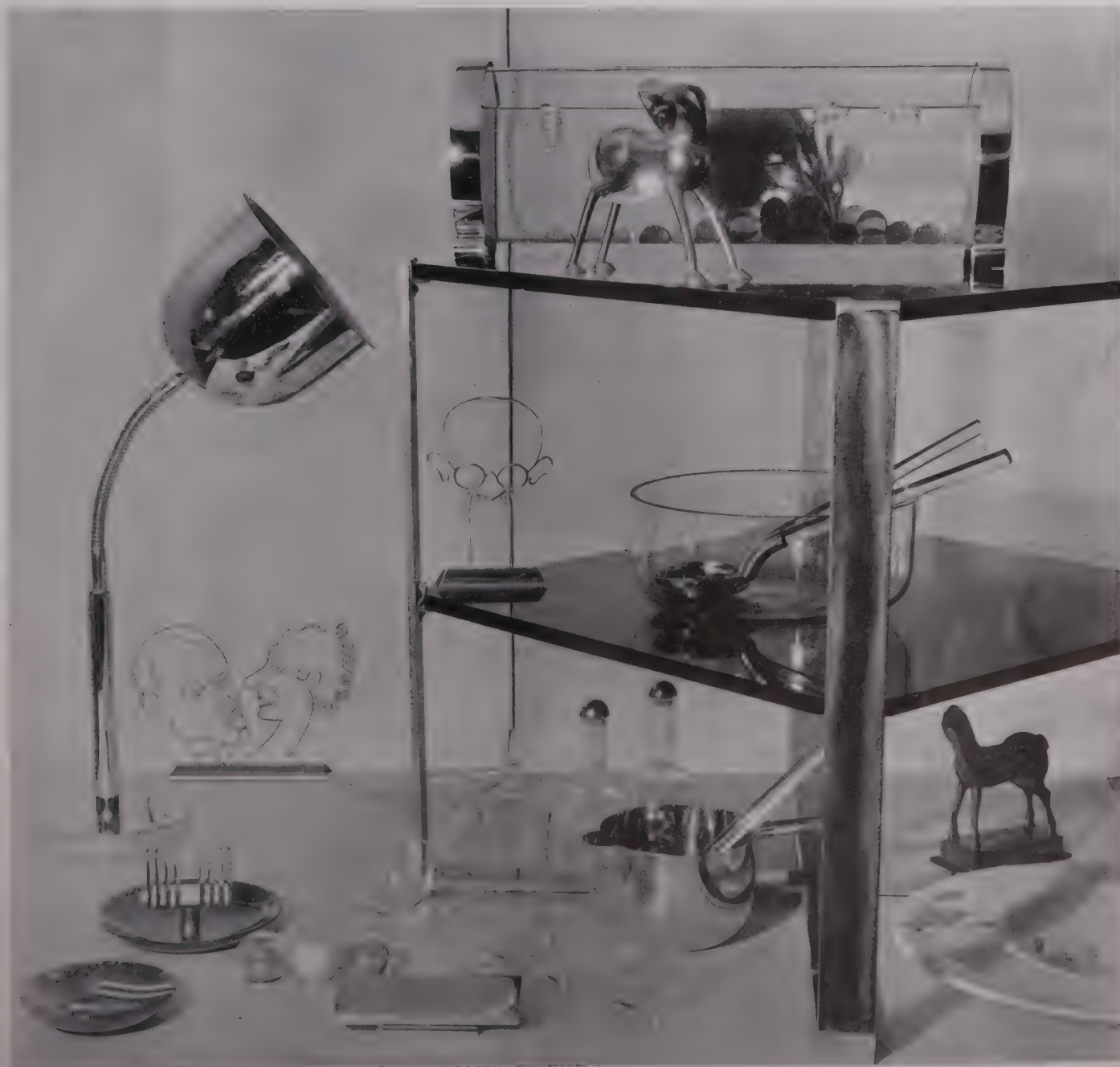
FROM THE OLD AND THE NEW



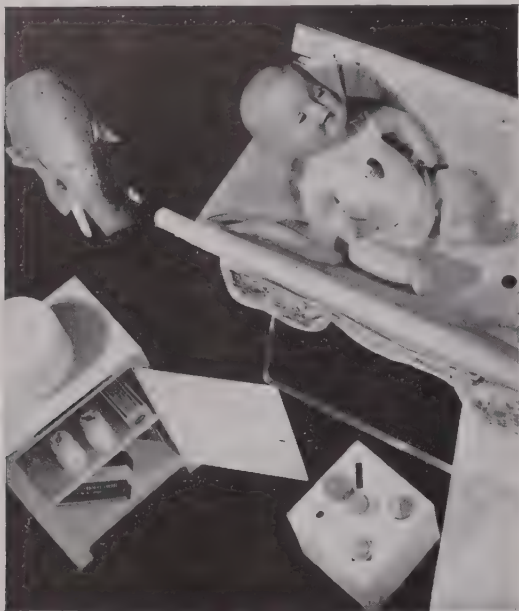
On this and the facing page are arranged five groups of small objects suitable for inclusion in the modern Christmas list. Some are useful and some frankly and solely ornamental; some are newer than the day after next; others carry the weight of antiquity; but all share equal honors in the light of Christmas candles. The after-dinner table at the left supports a 19th Century porcelain coffee pot in white and gold, shown with white porcelain demi-tasses; a small bowl for flowers, in frosted glass with gilt scalloped edges and Empire medallion in colors; an amazing oil-lamp clock, which, while marking the hour, also accommodatingly lights the scene; and a miniature backgammon board of fine 18th Century workmanship, delicately inlaid with ivory. The backgammon board is from Ginsburg and Levy; other objects, Bruce Buttfeld. Flowers, Olivette Falls

After-dinner divertissements

Celebrating this modern age



A diminutive dressing table with triple mirror and dotted swiss skirt and tassels is received with rapture when one is eight or ten. Childhood, Inc. The animal costumer is from the Dugout. The top of this modern desk, below, can be taken right off, leaving an excellent work table. Hampton Shops. Book ends from Bonwit Teller. Lamp and Noah's Ark cutouts on wall from Alice Starr



The newest thing in baby dolls, made of molded rubber, sister can douse right into the bath tub, and no harm done. Both from F. A. O. Schwarz. Toy refrigerators have gone automatic, too, at least in appearance—this one is from Ovington's. For the very little child—a magic box, calculated to teach him early that round pegs shouldn't be put in square holes; from Educational Playthings; or a calico elephant, from Bonwit Teller; a wire-haired terrier on a leash, from Ovington's; and a wooden ferryboat, Educational Playthings. If he is a little older—a jazzy set of traps, from Saks-Fifth Avenue; a garage with an oil wagon, a gasoline pump that really pumps, and an automobile with headlights that really light; or perhaps a very experienced looking fishing basket equipped with tackle, from F. A. O. Schwarz

IN AND OUT OF



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

They've heard of football in the Animal Kingdom, so the Woolly animals decided to play the Wooden animals for the season championship. Here's the fighting line. First, Mickey Mouse, master of strategy, and Minnie, too. Then, the Great Leopard, who lazily lies across the gridiron like a camouflaged battleship. In the front, Fluffy Puss appears much too interested in Mickey, but the Green Gingham Dog stands between. There's pink plush Piggy and a fierce green plush Frog only waiting to have a button pushed to leap and emit a croak. The Woollies are weak as punters, but the tawny Billy-goat makes it up with his head work. The Woody team, how-

ever, has plenty of kick. The Donkey is doing his stuff to a Painted Fish, who volunteered to be the football. The Squirrel, Duck and Frog who will leap and waddle down an inclined board, are slightly at a disadvantage on the level, but the Bear with the wheelbarrow and the Elephant, when they get wound up, will charge through any line. Pig, plush frog and goat, from F. A. O. Schwarz; Mickey and Minnie Mouse, leopard, wooden bear and elephant, from Ovington's; gingham dog, Lewis & Conger; woolly cat, donkey, squirrel, duck and frog, from the Dugout; and made by disabled ex-service men; the fish is from the Grenfell Labrador Industries

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING



A row of pert little cherubs, casting shadows before, usher in the new year; while below, left, five other cherubs are suspended in air over the Holy Family, their carolling supplied by the music box on which the little group stands. From Rena Rosenthal. The crèche directly below tells the story in words of one syllable and in tiny figures carved from blocks of wood. This is from Educational Playthings

...IN THE OLD STORY

The star rains its fire, the Beautiful sing, and the ancient spirit of Christmas comes down the ages to us in the tale of shepherds and wise men around a Manger. In the lower right hand corner, Robert Robbins has designed a version of the two thousand year old drama as the Crusading 13th Century might have imagined it. The kneeling King in armour might easily pass for Richard Cœur de Lion, himself, and the shepherds look as though they had stepped directly out of "Piers Plowman." With soft light falling on the polychromed figures, the group has much the same charm at Christmas time as stained glass in some shadowy old-world cathedral



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN





PIPE ORGANS *in* DECORATION

MELODIES have been blown through pipes to an entranced world over many centuries, from those first piercing sweet notes out of the Pipes of Pan to the gilded columns of the massive church organ of today. We are astonished at what has been accomplished in the field of modern pipe music, progressing from the ancient simple notched reed to the magnificent, complicated structure of the modern organ. Through the use of electricity today the pipe organ has been adjusted to the modern home, and not only to the magnificent music rooms of the rich but to the comfortable, smaller homes of people of moderate means. And in addition to the joy of the music itself, these groups of pipes have been made to contribute fascinating decorative features.

Many people have in their homes today the same music that formerly was only to be found in the great choirs of cathedrals and to be enjoyed only on high days and holidays. Both the console and the grilles of the organ in the home of E. D. Godfrey, of Tarrytown, New York, are gracious details in the decoration of this drawing room of charming Latin feeling



AEOLIAN-SKINNER STUDIOS



Leaded panes in Gothic windows and carved panels are peculiarly appropriate details for a room with an organ. Above are two views of the pipe organ in Dudley A. Blossom's Cleveland home

The great attic in the Robert Law home at Portchester, New York, has been used for the pipe organ; the console is just below the stairs and the pipes are at the turning of the stairs. The posts are carved with musical instruments in relief



The pipe organ in the home of the late Mrs. E. H. Harriman at Arden, New York, on the balcony of this spacious great hall, through which the music lingers like notes in an old cathedral (top picture)

The organ console in the home of Arthur Curtiss James in New York is designed to accord with the paneling of a majestic gallery, which is filled with a collection of rare tapestries (the center)

Beyond a pair of handsome grilled doors stands the organ room in the home of Joseph E. Widener of Elkins Park, Pa. Carved paneling and a high ceiling complement the instrument (right)



Dinner for Two

BY DOROTHY WHITNEY



In the winter we dine and dance downstairs, in the gay Old English tap room

DINNER for two . . . we think back a bit pensively on the variations it's passed through during the last few years. We will pass quickly over the Good Old Days, wiping away a few reminiscent tears. Then—the Early Speakeasy days, with the brownstone fronts, and the “you know me, Charlie” banter at forbidding iron grill doors. Highly questionable food, highly questionable cocktails, and a general air of tension and sub-rosa excitement that made it all quite an adventure. The first chance we'd had to be surreptitious since our midnight fudge parties at dear Old Something-or-other.

Followed in turn by the Gilded Era, when really grand old mansions were turned into really grand new restaurants, and you had very Continental food and strictly pre-war wines. Terminated, alas, by the Great Panic, during which the authorities became suddenly authoritative—confiscating furniture and smashing the chandeliers with the greatest enthusiasm—and the proprietors, in self-defense, took to red-checked tablecloths and thick china again. Several were even caught looking thoughtfully at paper plates, and the dinner-for-two situation seemed to be going steadily from bad to worse, when somebody (who shall remain an Unknown Hero) had a very bright idea.

What, said our hero, about the country clubs, standing empty throughout the length and breadth of this depressed land. And so, beginning in one corner of Westchester, dinner for two has again be-

come a civilized and very pleasant episode. All you need is a car, and a membership card, or an obliging friend who possesses both.

You start the evening off pleasantly with a drive through some rather attractive countryside. The club itself is set well back from the road. So well back in fact, that you can refer, in the grand manner, to its “approach”. It lasts for a mile or so, through a very English park, with great trees lining the road. On you go, getting more and more impressed, until—just at the point where you're beginning to wish you'd worn your grandmother's tiara, or at least the new white satin—an Old English manor house springs out from behind the bushes at you. Grey stone, and very Tudor, with lots of ivy and trying to look three hundred years old.



with Variations

A NEW IMPROVISION ON AN OLD THEME—THAT TWO SHOULD DINE TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A SYMPATHETIC SETTING

Sunken gardens all around, and even a rose bush, pointed out to us as having been bootlegged from the Castle of Killarney—nice, but hardly worth the trouble involved, to our untutored eye. The interior of all this magnificence is in the best baronial tradition—high ceilings, paneled walls, marble fireplaces—gracious, though not exactly cosy. The thing to do is to descend quickly to the gay informality of the tap room, downstairs. Red and white linen tablecloths, oak paneling, and everybody you know, including the inevitable Mr. Winchell.

In the winter you dine and dance indoors. In the summer, out on the terrace. The outdoor setting is really delightful—the nearest we've ever come in this country to the picturesque charm of the Bois restaurants. Little tables under gay awnings, stars overhead, trees all about, and a stone dance floor polished to within an inch of your life and limb. Even little Japanese lanterns all about, and one great big Japanese lantern, that turns out to your complete surprise to be the moon. And off on the distant horizon, twinkling brightly, the lights of New York—looking, as usual, its very best from a great

big distance. Who'd think, to look at all that twinkling loveliness, that it was really the native haunt of traffic jams, racketeers, riveters, and subway excavations? But seen from a Westchester terrace, with a moon above us and a cocktail in front of us, we can get just as sentimental about it as the next. Good Old Gotham, with all its faults, there's not a city in the world we'd rather have on our horizon.

It's all very satisfactory—except for one thing. We do resent those amber bulbs. Contrary to Mr. Wasserman it's always been our belief that the outstanding illusion of the world is not love, but the idea that amber lights are flattering to the feminine complexion. However, our naturally sunny viewpoint prevents us from harping on this one slight rift in an otherwise perfectly good lute, so we'll just put on several more layers of bright red lipstick and go our enthusiastic way.

To begin we'll proceed to think pleasant thoughts about the music. It's one of New York's finest orchestras, of the quiet sort. And right here and now we want to come out definitely in favor of the off-stage technique in (*Continued on page 62*)

In the summer—we dine and dance outdoors on the terrace, feeling so very Continental about it all



Holey-bogey Is My Game

BY ROSAMOND PINCHOT

I RECENTLY read an article on games in which the writer described herself as one of those unfortunate people who can't shine in any of the brainier ways of whiling away an evening. Well, if that young author is slow at bridge, I'll bet I'm slower. The awful truth is that I have never been able to master a single card game in my entire life. Even those two supposedly simple and amusing games known as Pig and Old Bitch leave me bewildered. Having no card sense is a serious affliction. There are always little tragedies in store for the sufferer. When, after a dinner party, the hostess cheerfully suggests bridge my heart sinks. All the clever, smooth guests settle down at tables with tall glasses and cigarettes, and I find myself in for a long dreary evening of talk with the dull-est man in the room who doesn't play games either.

It seems to me that what kissing babies is to the politician, playing games is to a social career. Games help you to get on. And they are also a protection. The politician knows very well that to kiss a baby is as good as a speech, often better. The successful dinner guest knows that to play games adroitly is to avoid endless drivel about the depression and the latest play. How I've envied those bridge stars sitting in self-satisfied silence while I've struggled through a heartbreaking jungle of polite small talk.

So, after much suffering, I decided a year or so ago that I must learn something to play or stay at home. Conversation was running very low indeed. But I knew from sad experience that even to attempt to master bridge was hopeless. I couldn't seem to tell one card from another and the faces on the kings and queens were so tiresome. Backgammon was suggested. It sounded ideal.

You can have fun playing bagatelle from the start; it's a cheery game, that's never broken up a single home. You can lose as much money as at bridge, and be gayer at it. But don't get the idea that it doesn't take skill

Several self-sacrificing men offered to teach me. I did my best but showed only slight improvement. After some months of half-hearted endeavor, I was still counting the points with my fingers. My friends, at the end of the first game, were likely to say, "And what do you think about the depression?" That was the signal for putting away the board. Again my heart would sink and we would go back to talk. It was very discouraging.

Then, one evening, a great thing happened. I actually ran into a game that I could master; or rather a game that didn't need a master. And it wasn't tit-tat-toe either. It's bagatelle, or rather that particular form of it called holey-bogey. In case these picturesque names confuse you, bagatelle is the generic term for all games played by shooting little balls across a board, either with a stick or with a shooter on a spring. Usually the objective is to land the balls in cups. The cups are marked with scores. You can have fun playing bagatelle (*Continued on page 60*)





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

First you take the wand in hand
and push the ball down the groove
with a precise, masterful stroke

Courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch



The art lies in putting just the right impetus back
of the wand to roll the little ball for a high score

Then—the moment of suspense while the chromium
dot wavers crazily between one hundred thirty and zero





A HOUSE *for the* WEEKEND GUEST

Here the hospitality of Mrs. Nathan Todd Porter expresses itself by combining pleasantly with the rural beauty of old Norman countryside, a generous leaven of decidedly modern urban comfort for her guests

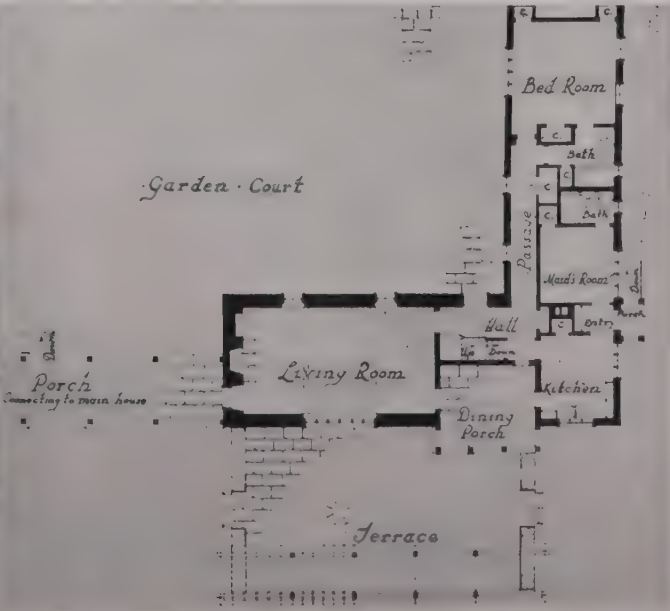
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MACLEAN GLASGOW



Conveniently connected by a porch to Mrs. Porter's own Westchester house, yet complete in itself, this little guest house is remote enough to be a charming retreat. The oak-beamed living room runs up two stories, and is full of the color of gaily embroidered homespuns. Opening directly on the terrace is the dining porch which has one entire wall made of tiny leaded panes of old glass

Frank J. Forster and R. A. Gallamore, architects





The entrance to this house is through an old Spanish wrought-iron double gate set in oak pillars. Red, brown and burgundy slate covers the projecting roof. The flag-stone terrace is grey, and the patio is completely walled for seclusion. Among the interesting details which link this house with rural Europe are French casement panels, grapevines trailing over the arbor, and on the porch a pewter fountain and a set of old Spanish bells. The floor plan shows the intimate relation of the living and dining rooms to the terrace. Further privacy is secured by having the conveniently related service quarters quite remote from the living rooms and the part of the garden frequently used by guests

Diversions of Bermuda

A TRANQUIL AND COLORFUL LIFE GOES ON THERE BEHIND
THE PLEASANT RESORT KNOWN TO THE CASUAL VISITOR

BY ELIZABETH SANXAY HOLDING



If you can believe it is Christmas, you buy your Christmas wreaths at the corner where dignified old women in voluminous draperies sell baskets of fruit. Below—Along the Esplanade looking across the harbor. The two fine figures in the center of the picture are en route to deliver your holiday wreaths and flowers. In the center the Mucka-jumbies, natives dressed like North American Indians, dance wildly about a May pole

SO MUCH has been written about the diversions of Bermuda, and certainly everything can be found there; superb golf, tennis, riding, sailing, fishing. As for dancing, you may begin that on ship-board the first night out, and dance every night of the year, except Sunday. You may dance on a hotel roof, or in a softly-lit grill; you may dance on a terrace by the water's edge, or on a hilltop. To think of a Bermuda night is to recall the faint sound of dance music in the distance, as characteristic of the place as is the chorus of whistling frogs, with their sweet, eerie note.

You can begin swimming on board ship too, and continue it, in scenes of enchantment. There are the beaches on the South Shore, some of them gay, with striped parasols and throngs of bathers, others quiet as if under a spell. There is one where the sand is pink, where black rocks stand up like spires, and the deep-blue waves come rolling in, to break in a shower of glittering spray. There is the marvellously clear and quiet water at Spanish Point, where one may swim into a cave, and the little striped "sergeant majors" and angel fish swim carelessly in and out among the bathers.

And there is that sport, most novel and most typical of Bermuda—bicycle-riding. Everyone there rides, young



Across the harbour from Hamilton Bermuda



Above—From the docks up the fine stairway to Front Street where everybody foregathers during the day. Below is a little street in quaint old St. George

and old, white and coloured, pretty girls in their bright dresses, clergymen, sedate old ladies, mothers with the youngest of infants in baskets before them. I have known Americans, who had not been on a bicycle since childhood, to hire one, to mount it boldly, to set off, so unsteady, so wavering as to cause terror to the onlooker, and yet ride for miles, without mishap, and return a confirmed cyclist.

There is everything in Bermuda for an active, lively holiday, and there is something more. Perhaps not quite enough has been addressed to the traveller who is more leisurely, who is in search of rest and quiet. Even the youngest feel that longing and that need sometimes, and, as a solace for tense nerves, and as a beauty treatment, a trip to Bermuda is supreme.

Hamilton is a busy port; ships come and go almost daily, from New York, from Boston, from Canada, from the West Indies, smart passenger liners, and sturdy freighters all the way from England. Sailboats skim the water, swift and adroit, there are speed boats, there are the ferries which are launches, and the lower ferry, which is a row boat. (Imagine going to work every morn- (Continued on page 61)



Personality Revealed in Flower



Vase de fleurs—Rousseau

Courtesy the Knoedler Galleries



Les anémones—Rémon

THERE are two dominating interests in really fine flower painting: one the sensitiveness of the painter toward beauty, which makes you see the magical bloom of the flower and smell the mysterious perfume—the other the artist's unconscious presentation, through technique and design, of his own personality, his own reaction to life. Of course this is done to an extent in all painting, in all art, but somehow we are more surprised when a flower painting introduces us to a certain spiritual intimacy with an artist than when this is accomplished through a landscape or a portrait.

In the present collection of flower paintings on exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries, probably the finest that has ever been brought together in New York, it is possible to identify, as though one had a catalogue, each artist with his picture. You go from room to room and find yourself saying, "Cezanne, Van Gogh, Rémon, Manet, Derain, Laurencin, Rousseau." Cezanne, cool, fine, clear, flowers that remind you of fragile landscapes; Laurencin, primitive, yet immensely sophisticated, passionate but not virile; Rémon, ethereal, fanciful, curiously ar-

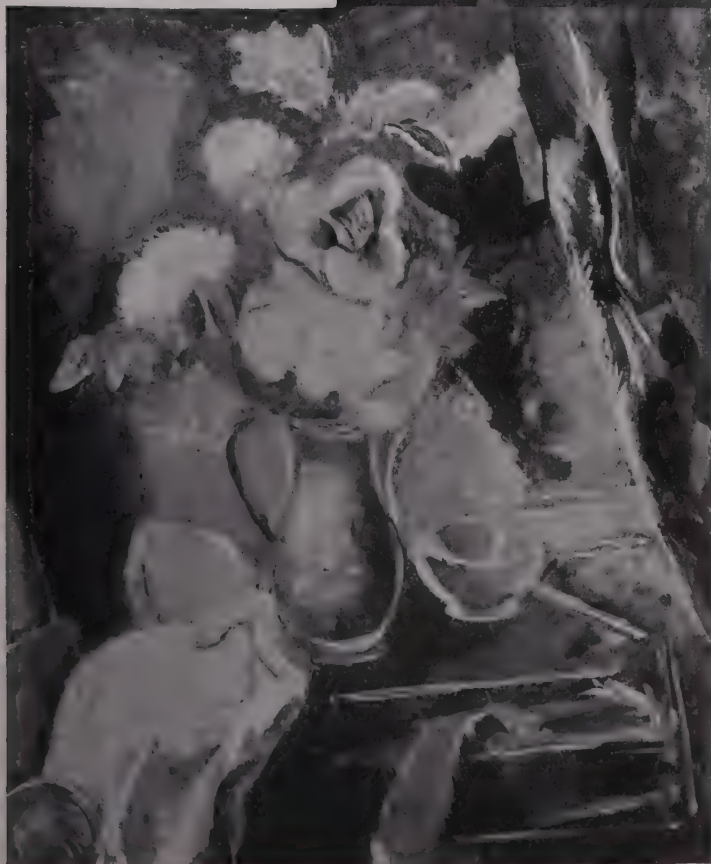
Laurier rose—Van Gogh



Paintings



Vase de fleurs—Dufresne



La jeune fille au bouquet de fleurs—Laurencin

resting, and yet escaping analysis; Van Gogh, terrifically alive, as though the flowers had taken root in the jar and were growing and blossoming under one's very glance—that quality of strength and life that Van Gogh felt so keenly and expressed so vividly in all his painting, yet died feeling that he had failed to accomplish it. In the Monet flower piece we are not surprised that we so quickly recognize the painter because Monet has done so many amazing things with flowers, especially in these scenes of lazy little rivers in France, half covered with water lilies, which made such a sensation years ago, and still startle and delight.

Rousseau is as simple and savage in his flower painting as he is in the jungle. You are as startled by his contrasting flowers as you are by his painting of a wild tiger, peering through heavy tropical foliage, in that famous picture.



PHOTO BY DRIX DURYEA



PHOTO BY BUSHNELL-LINN



VICTORIAN HEARTHSTONES

IT SEEMS but a brief span since the Victorian Period was the bright and shining mark for all witticisms on dress and decoration. Today Victorian fashions have returned to us and entrenched themselves about our person and in our homes. We are 1860 in appearance and environment. We no longer venture a smile at those days of Abraham Lincoln and *Camille*, the frock coat and the bustle.

In the interior, above, is shown one of a three room entertaining suite, at the Hotel Carlyle. Here, the decorator, Mrs. Tuckerman Draper, utilized the best of the period, consistent with good taste. As a means of adding a touch of coziness, the rose flowered wallpaper tends to reduce the size of the room. With this a white marble mantel with its coal grate and brass fender serves appropriately in pleasing contrast. Upon it are placed bisque figures and ornaments, characteristically Victorian. At the windows long sweeping red satin curtains hang from gilt metal cornices. Left, above, is a notable type of Victorian marble mantel. Edwin Jackson. Below is another in white marble, 1860, with a white and gold mirror, luster vases, bisque busts and a shell box. Bruce Butfield. Brass fender from Edwin Jackson



PHOTO BY BUSHNELL-LINN

A black lacquered metal coal container, decorated with roses, is at the left. At the right, a brass fan-shape screen is typical of Victorian elaboration. Bruce Buttfield. In the center is a green painted wood or coal box with gay flower panels. From the English Antique Shop



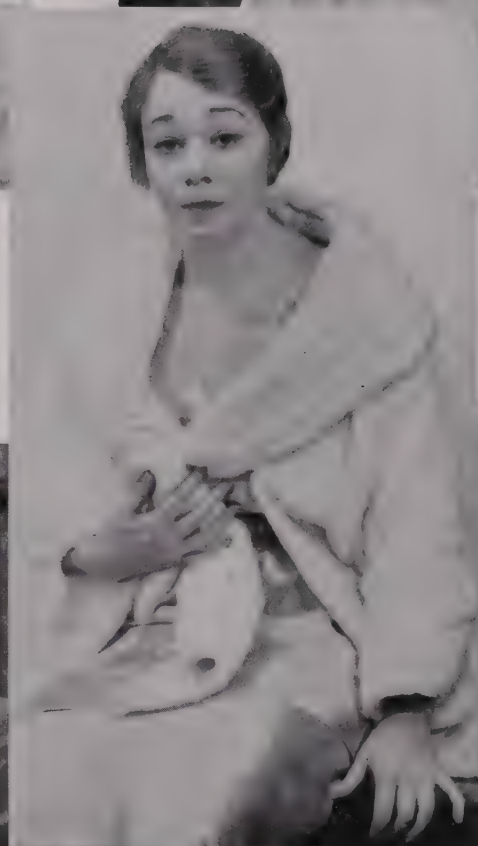
PHOTO BY DRIX DURYEA

The living-room of Mr. and Mrs. John Nickerson's Victorian house at Noroton, Conn., notably reflects the sentimentality of the age. Here, blue prevails as the color note—in the turquoise velvet carpet; the satin valances of the gray-blue flowered curtains and satin covered sofa. The marble mantle is one of several installed when the house was built, in 1855. With this is a polished steel fender mounted on flower decorated tiles. Above the mantle is a conventional American portrait and on the mantle shelf, alabaster épergnes and a bisque figure group. Bruce Buttfield. The stove, at the right, dates from about 1850. Below is one showing the elaboration of stove ornament introduced about 1842, from the collection of Aymar Embury II. The black iron mantle has inserts of "pearl painting." This is dated April, 1850. All are from Edwin Jackson





A pretty contrast in acting was offered recently when Eva Le Gallienne (right) and Lillian Gish were simultaneously playing *Camille*. Miss Le Gallienne's Marguerite is rich, rounded, beautifully accented; Miss Gish's tender, mannered, evanescent



Brought specially from London to play the part, Constance Collier, as the superannuated actress in *Dinner at Eight*, provides much of the fun in that most glittering production



Pauline Lord, after two dramatic parts last season, is doing fine character work in a delightful comedy part—that of Abby, the servant girl, in *The Late Christopher Bean*

Broadway Up to Date

The Guild's fine work in Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth"—Alice Brady and Grace George ring the bell in a French comedy—musical comedy, revues, dramas and glittering trifles piece out the charivari of the passing show

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

EVERY play has a forebear. The mother of *Dinner at Eight*, by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, is plainly *Grand Hotel*. And, like *Grand Hotel*, it is immensely entertaining, amusing and vivid. It is also more nearly human and not so far away from us as the Vicki

Baum play. The staging and production by George S. Kaufman are absolutely flawless. The acting down to the most trivial parts and bits has received the most detailed attention. Here is conscientious stage work—with appropriate settings by Livingston Platt—that has gathered up every loose end.

The quick-flying notes of the play are humorous, socially satiric and tragic. As a matter of fact, five separate embryonic plays are enacted before us in the space of the day preceding Mrs. Jordan's dinner at eight for ten persons. They are sharp peeps into the lives of all these persons who have been invited and the characters fairly jump at you in their clear-cut vividness. There is even a knifing in the kitchen.

The high spot to me is the fine acting of Conway Tearle. He is a famous alcoholic screen actor living in an hotel in the fifties. He is broke. And we see the frightful mess of a career that is all washed up until he turns on the gas in his room. He will not be at Mrs. Jordan's dinner. It is a poignant portrayal—one of Fame's ghastly jokes.

When the dinner finally comes off there is an anticlimax in which Mrs. Jordan's daughter, secretly in love with the movie star lying dead in his hotel room, moves around the stage uneasily wondering what has become of him. I liked this ending—it is unconventional. Nobody kissed anybody else. It is a sardonic finis.

This is not a great play. But it is bitter, grippingly real, and caused more spontaneous laughter than any play I have seen so far this season. *Dinner at Eight* is the Hound of Tragedy muzzled with Laughter.

ABBEY PLAYERS FROM IRELAND

A memorable performance of the Abbey Players—who bring to us *theatre* in its classical and spiritual meanings—is Paul Vincent Carroll's *Things That Are Caesar's*. The model for this brutal-comical play of domestic strife is Strindberg's *The Father*. But it is *The Father* humanized, reduced to a slower tempo, and, being laid in a Dunkirk public-house, a bit gayly drink-maudlin. But it is great drama, tearing, moving drama, gashed with keen satire and a direct, slashing dialogue. It is a psychological picture of Ireland today.

But it is (Continued on page 57)



Peggy Conklin is one of the season's welcome newcomers. In her first important part (in *Mademoiselle*, with Grace George and Alice Brady) she reveals spirit and a genuine technical resourcefulness

Many have questioned the wisdom of the Theatre Guild in attempting to squeeze into stage proportions so ample a novel as Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth*. But there is hardly a dissenting voice in the praise of Alla Nazimova's intense and moving O-Lan, so capably supported by Claude Rains as her peasant husband





S. Hurok, Impresario

A back stage view of Signor Podrecca's company of eight hundred marionette performers who will begin their American tour in New York just before Christmas. We are told that their costumes number one thousand. The ballet in the foreground and the leading lady who is waiting for her cue in the wings come to us fresh from triumphs in Paris and Rome

TEATRO DEI PICCOLI

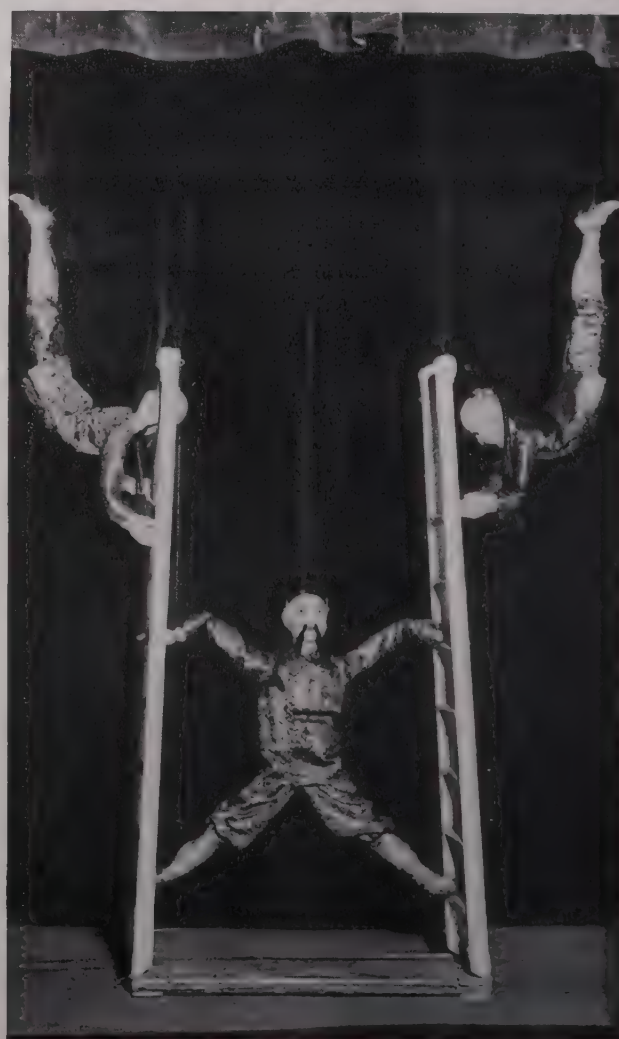
The "Theatre of the Little" makes its American début for Christmas



Ballets, parodies, comic opera, vaudeville, fantasy, even the circus, are within the scope of these accomplished marionettes. Below, ladies and gentlemen, is a company of Chinese acrobats



The tender lover in the sequence above is Don Juan, who re-enacts his romantic story for us, as Fate and the skillful hands of Signor Podrecca's staff operate the strings



Lost: One Santa Claus

(Continued from page 19)

and lots of wassail within, and we'd wonder whether maybe Tony wasn't a new incarnation of the merry old fellow himself. But then wandering along and into Jack and Charlie's and from there over to Paul and Virginia's, we'd be struck in each place by the same bright glint, the same wreaths, the same atmosphere of fine old commercial jollity, and somehow it didn't quite ring true. It was then we decided they were all only substitutes for the orthodox Santa Claus and that the real article must have been frightened away and might even now be lying up under a log somewhere, enjoying a little holiday and waiting until the time was good and ripe for a triumphant return.

Anyway, that's as good a solution as we can dope out for the present state of affairs in which grim butlers hang skinny little Christmas wreaths in dejected windows and loop a few yards of wan electric light bulbs on lonely little Christmas trees, while the kiddies home from college shout informal good-byes at mama and rush pell-mell out to a succession of parties, leaving the hearthside alone with its andirons.

But not to be too pessimistic, we must admit having observed a few indications here and there that the new era is far from satisfactory and that the young ones are beginning to tire of it and turn conservative. It already looks as though people will one of these days revert to stockings, with oranges and candy canes leering out of the tops, and then no doubt

the children will cease reproaching parents for giving them bicycles and toboggans instead of Scotch and evening clothes. On that happy day the boys and girls will once again start furtively slipping out of bed at dawn in their eagerness to get at the packages under the tree, the way they used to before revelry with a cover charge infected the youth of our nation with a passion for sleeping till noon. There may not be many who subscribe to the old order *this* year, and it's only conjecture, of course, but it looks to us as though the younger generation which adopted and encouraged the current Christmas racket were getting their fill of it, for themselves and for their parents too. For children are pretty intolerant souls in the long run and when they see papa and mama having fun and smacking their lips over night life and two-fisted drinking they begin to think there's a lack of dignity in the existing order or disorder of things and are all in favor of a change. We've watched the accusing baleful eyes of the arrogant young as they questioned mama concerning her stealthy early morning return from a night club jamboree and we can't help feeling that one of these fine days there may be a rediscovery of the home and a complete revival of the old naïve Christmases we used to know, unless Santa Claus has become embittered during his personal depression and isn't sufficiently forgiving to feed the hands that have been smiting him.

Wassail in Two-Four Time

(Continued from page 16)

Mrs. Biddle. Madame again very politely regretted, but the shop was indeed closed—and what was more—it was closed for the summer. Mrs. Biddle explained that she was going back to America, and if nothing else, couldn't she know the price so that she might write for the table after the summer season was over and the shop had reopened.

Up rose Madame in her wrath. "Madame ne comprends pas. Dans ce moment, je me repose." On this detached philosophic note the incident was closed. But two months later Mrs. Biddle did write and buy the table. The anecdote is variously interpreted to prove that the French are a highly civilized race with a very sound respect for leisure. Or more cynically, that they're shrewd exponents of the low pressure school of salesmanship. In any event, the table is now having a brilliant career as the center of many a large group at Mrs. Biddle's Christmas parties.

These Christmas parties are typical of her justly famous technique of entertaining. Just the right mellow feeling of informality, against a background of ceremony and tradition. Guests come and go casually,

all day long—are made welcome, and left to their own devices. No organized amusements in Tiller Girl formation. Little groups break up naturally and spontaneously. One around the punch bowl, one around a backgammon table, one chatting before the fire. And, largest of all, the group around the piano.

Here you are most apt to find the hostess, playing and singing. The latest Gershwin, new Noel Coward songs, little French chansons, Old English carols. . . . Sometimes the guests join in. Sometimes Mrs. Biddle sings alone—delightfully. No programme weighs the performance down. It has all the fresh charm of the impromptu.

The net result of all this is, as you would suspect, a most amusing party. Probably because it's such a delightful mixture of the old and the new in Christmas traditions. Old English carols and old-fashioned egg-nogs on one hand—Bermuda lilies and the latest musical hit on the other. It's refreshing, stimulating, sophisticated. . . . In fact, it's a little like peeping behind Santa Claus' white whiskers, and finding, (of all people), Mr. Noel Coward.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA B. MERRILL

PACKAGING CHRISTMAS

Above—Five papers that say it with silver and gold and vivid colors. Dennison's. The burden of the silver and green basket is to be eaten and read. Almost any invalid will take a turn for the better when confronted with a tray like this one, bedecked in cherries. And just to be fair to the healthy, the round tray, covered with silver paper, holds cocktail relishes and red boxes. Alice Marks. The striking black paper with silver holly leads off a group of lovely papers at Elizabeth H. Pusey's. The romantic figure subjects of the Macy paper beside it are black and silver too



This red hamper is decked out so lavishly that you would hardly guess how many cakes and candies and other delicacies are tucked away in it. Dean's. Small

Tying tissues repeat Yuletide motifs. Japan Paper Co. Very red satin is used with gold ribbon at Elizabeth H. Pusey's. Vivid cards are designed by the National Alliance of Art and Industry; engraved ones with cut out monograms for more elegant cheer are from Black Starr Frost-Gorham. Red candy boxes tied with silver gauze, and an oval box chastely bound round with a white band are found at Alice H. Marks. The labels and Chinese seals are from Dennison's. Cellophane and red ribbon suggest the abundantly plummy plum pudding underneath them. Plumbridge

gifts in a white stocking, Elizabeth H. Pusey. A modern Jack Horner gets his thumb into a red cellophane-covered pie at B. Schackan's. Papers, the Japan Paper Co.



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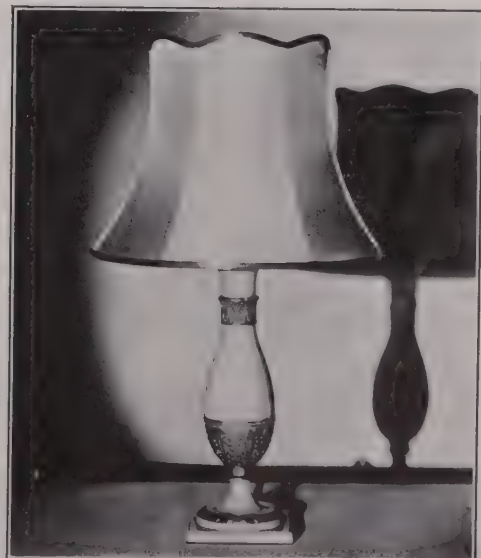
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PHOTOGRAPHS BUSHNELL-LINN



The first picture shows three sprays of *odontoglossum* orchids exhibited at the fall show of the New York Horticultural Society. The top spray is *odontoglossum Lueretia*, the second *o. Toredor*, and the third *o. crispum*. They are white, flecked with the red-brown characteristic of this orchid

Above are two sprays of orchid *oncidium varicosum*, brilliant yellow touched with a reddish brown. The delicate blossoms rest so lightly on their sprays that they hardly seem attached. These and the *odontoglossums* above were included in the orchid exhibits of Thomas Young, Orchidwood, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jewell

One of the sensations of the Horticultural Society's fall show, and a gold medal winner, was this large *cattleya* orchid, an American hybrid raised by George E. Baldwin, of Mamaroneck, New York. The petals and sepals are fleshy rich gold, and the Labellum is a very mellow rose tone

Common or Garden Talk

Observations of an Amateur Gardener

BY GAY YOUNG

EVEN in the dead of winter, when you could reasonably expect that a temporary coolness might have tempered the most chronic gardener's enthusiasm for making the soil bring forth, you will find them up and down the land building the most remarkable gardens of all; rank exotic bloomful spots with nary a thrips or mole or aphid; gardens built entirely of the brilliant deceits of nursery catalog inks.

To aid and abet this harmless pursuit of easy-chair gardening, there have been some praiseworthy things done this year by the publishers of garden books. I say it timidly, lest I be caught up in the statement, but to my way of thinking some of them actually rival the new 1933 catalog of that favorite seedsman of yours—which is really going the limit in praise!

"FLOWERS and Folk Lore from Far Korea" is the most impressive volume; it is printed in Japan, and bound in black leather and gold. More than a hundred Oriental plants are described, and opposite each plate are legends and sage adages. There is, for example, the tale of the Jewelweed miraculously springing up on the grave of a maiden's lover, and of her starting the fashion for tinted nails by rubbing her fingers with its deep red petals. And there are such practical admonitions as, "Don't be high-minded, but humble, and, like the Persimmon, yours will be a beautiful life."

Many of the brilliantly colored flowers shown are total or semi-strangers, but others look familiarly like our own flower crops.

"DOWN the Garden Path" is a new book that all the garden clubs are talking about. It is written by the English novelist, Beverly Nichols. That remarkable gentleman goes right out in the snow and sleet and gathers the most astounding collection of flowers from his own garden: Christmas roses with stalks a foot high, *Daphne mezereum*, and *iris stylosa*, and *Saxifraga ciliata*, which, when it is on its good behavior will bloom on New Year's day.

And he actually goes into detail as to what magic you can employ to persuade flowers up through snow, and get them to blooming cosily under a glazing of ice. Mr. Nichols tells how he got his own garden trained to give him liberal bouquets of half a dozen different varieties of flowers, any day from December to late February. His publisher is Doubleday, Doran.

IF you have fingered lovingly the pages of old horticultural books, with funny drawings exposing the "mystery of husbandry," or showing the geometric intricacies of the vegetable gardens of some old British king, then you will be delighted to know that a good many of the choicest of these old prints have been reproduced in "Prints and Plants of Old Gardens," published by Garrett & Massie. The collector of these old prints, Kate Doggett Boggs, has included romantic gardens from fifteenth century illuminated manuscripts (with a little mild romancing going on right in the picture), grottoes, orchards with quaintly re-



alistic fish ponds in the very centers, and many old designs of French and English gardens.

That you might actually be tempted to raise some of these ancient trees and herbs in your own garden has been taken into consideration by the author. She includes a list of plants from garden books and herbals of the seventeenth and eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

and describes in considerable detail the conditions under which each may be grown.

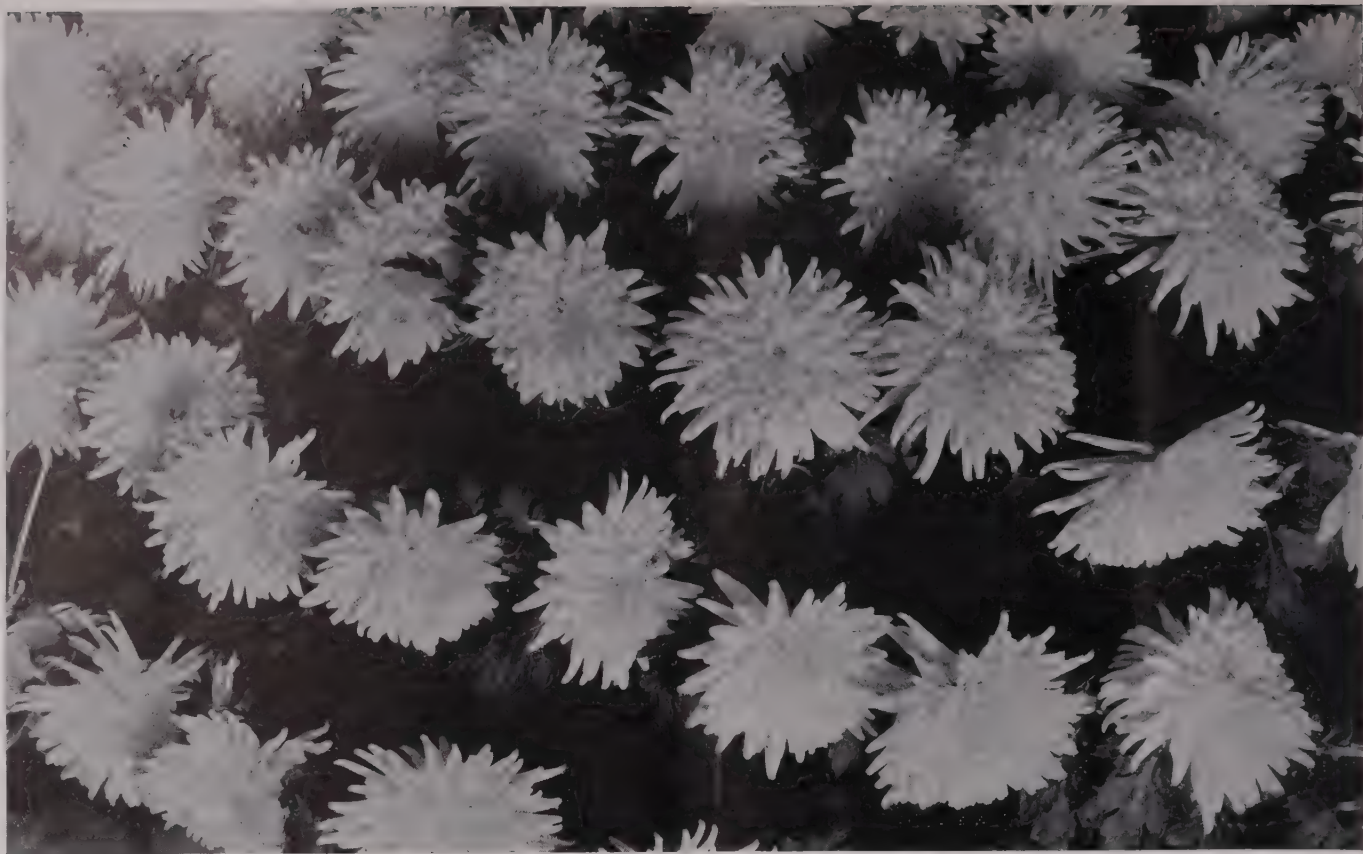
FOR a very special departure in easy-chair gardening, Mrs. Louise Beebe Wilder's "The Fragrant Path" is published by Macmillan. When you have nosed your way through its 400 pages you will know that the Prince of Austria cottage tulip is the smelliest of these early varieties; what peonies and irises can be depended upon to exude fragrance; what odorous plants do their best work at night. To Mrs. Wilder's way of smelling, the Sweet Rocket or *hesperis* is the most delightfully fragrant of all night-scented plants.

There is an amusing classification of garden outcasts in the matter of scent. One would never dream that plants could get themselves

up to be offensive in so many different ways. Just to illustrate, there is a kind of mimosa that smells like goats; "hound's tongue," that suggests mice; a tender shrub, *Escallonia illinita*, which smells like a clean pigsty; flowers whose odors remind one of old cheese, and roast beef, and vinegar, and onions, stale beer, and raspberries. Then there is the versatile *Orchis mascula*, which smells like vanilla when it first blooms, but like cats when it fades.

PEOPLE who take their Alpines seriously will perk up at the mention of an account of the curious doings of a Scotch gardener in the French court at the end of the eighteenth century, as related in the "Diary of a Scotch Gardener," published by Dutton's. The author, Thomas

Balaikie, went to Switzerland "April the 13th, 1775" to find and classify Alpine plants, but the French court snapped him up for "*architect de jardin*" to build them an English garden, for which there was a craze in Paris just then. He stayed, and this volume is an account of his historical and agricultural adventures.



Top: Part of a tree chrysanthemum grown by Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, of Glen Cove, L. I., with hundreds of perfect white blooms in formal arrangement. From the New York Horticultural Show

Prizewinning Melba chrysanthemums from the Marshall Field garden. They are orange shading to yellow. Vase from the American Colony Shops

Left: Samuel A. Salvage's Louisa Pockett chrysanthemums. The one in the center, the largest bloom in the show, measured over a foot across





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State of N. Y.
County of N. Y.

ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Eltinge F. Warner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of Arts & Decoration, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Arts & Decoration Publishing Co., Inc., 578 Madison Avenue, New York City. Editor—Mary Fenton Roberts, 578 Madison Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor—John Hanrahan, Treasurer, 578 Madison Avenue, New York City. Business Managers—Eltinge F. Warner, Pres., 578 Madison Avenue, New York City and Elmer J. Chambers, Secretary, 578 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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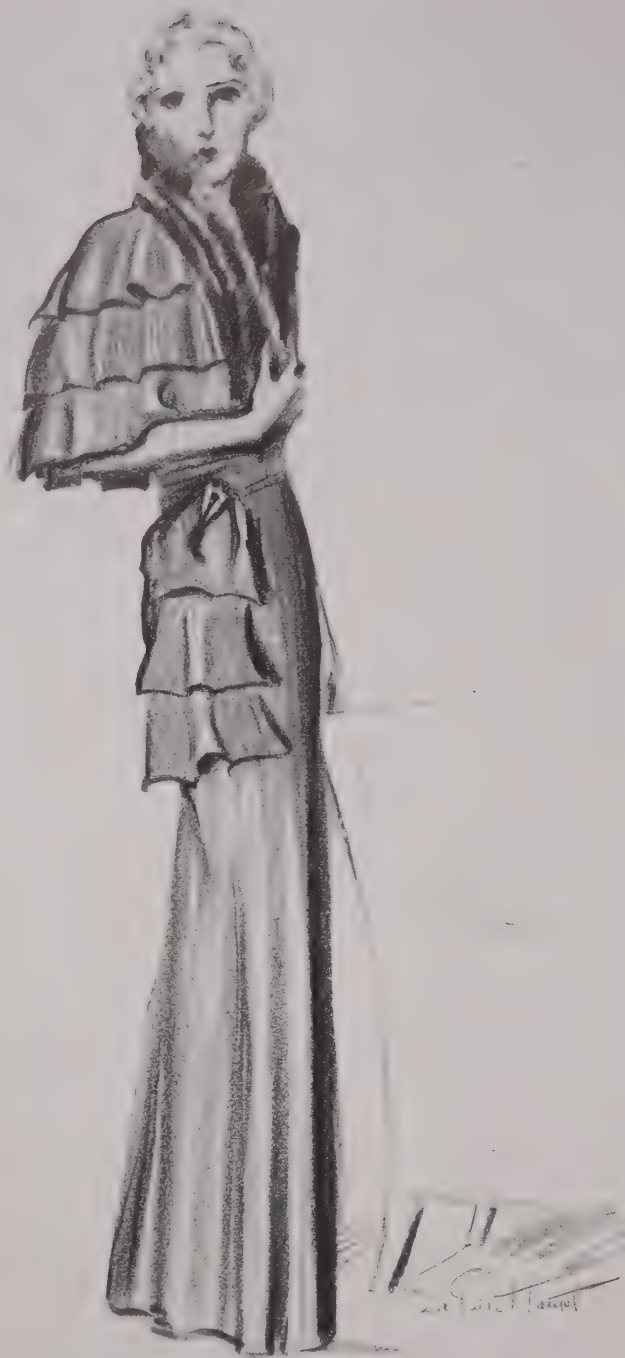
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Poverty Row

(Continued from page 26)

those Franklin stoves." I assured him that to own a Franklin stove was practically my loftiest ambition and we emerged into more breathable air again.

But it was not all as simple as it sounded. Almost everything we wanted to do seemed to conflict with some law. And when the plans were finally passed, we found that what with the new heating plant, it was not going to be an inexpensive operation. This meant that the rents would have to be higher. We could get other apartments for the new price.

"But they haven't got that view, and a cobble-stone street in front—"

"Nor as many clothes hanging out in back—", someone interjected sourly.

On October first some of us moved in. Anne Tiffany with wisdom born of experience saved the peace of mind, if not the lives, of three of the tenants by producing furniture and accessories from her own shop which made an enormous difference in the appearance of our flats. Mrs. Tiffany had seen the buildings during their most volcanic phase and had become so enthusiastic that she rented an apartment on the ground floor which she calls her "custard cup," because of its size and color scheme.

My own apartment, on that first day, didn't jell. There is a point, I imagine, in the creation of anything, be it an omelette or a living room, when it all looks a bit hopeless. I had planned a white room with accents of navy blue, but the monks' cloth curtains (chosen for economy) looked wrong with the white walls, and the white carpet—prematurely laid, had broken out in a rash of black

and gray spots due to the moving-men's feet. Later, painted blue valances put the curtains right and a good dose of cleaning fluid applied with a scrubbing brush restored the carpet's virginal air.

I fell into bed after the weary business of moving and slept dreamlessly. At seven, however, I was awakened by a blood-curdling howl in the yard outside. Rushing to the window I saw a sad-looking man staring at his feet. After a short period of quiet, he threw back his head and emitted another hideous howl; then shambled through a hole in the fence into the next back yard and repeated the performance. Later I learned that he sold clothes lines, and that was his method of breaking down one's sales resistance.

Prince Obolensky wanted a modern apartment in brown, burnt orange and yellow. Curtains of linen, one brown and one yellow, a linen covered modern sofa, a long horizontal mirror, shining little modern tables made a comfortable man's apartment. And his living room, although identical in size and shape with the others, resembled neither Mrs. Wyckoff's, which was built around her family mahogany, Mrs. Tiffany's custard cup, nor my own blue and white one.

But if my friend the Clothes Line Man does not add to the joys of Poverty Row, and if I sometimes find it a little informal to have a dumb waiter in my bedroom, still I can sit at my desk in the living room watching the river traffic and see a piece of the sunset through the trees in the park, and I do not believe I could be persuaded to change apartments with anyone in New York.

Holey-bogey is My Game

(Continued from page 40)

from the start, and it doesn't get dull like parcheesi. You can win or lose just as much money as at bridge and be a lot gayer about it. People always look so grim at the bridge table; perhaps it is because they are thinking. I don't know. But don't get the idea that holey-bogey doesn't involve skill. It does. I know several experts who can shoot those little chromium balls into the 130 three times out of five. But you don't *have* to be skillful. And what's more important, you don't have to concentrate.

Holey-bogey is played on a polished board about three feet long and round at one end. All around the edge of the board is a narrow run to keep balls in. On the right side, there's a groove. With a wooden wand you push the balls along this groove and out into the field of the board. Here the balls come in contact with resilient brass pins from which they rebound into a score cup or back to the foot of the board. If you are very skillful you know just how much force to put into the wand stroke so that the ball will be sure to roll into a high number cup.

Like bagatelle, holey-bogey was played in medieval times both in

England and on the Continent. Then for a long time, it was forgotten. I often wonder why in our age of invention, no one has been able to think of a single really good new game. Well, anyway, about two years ago some enterprising Finn rediscovered and modernized holey-bogey. Winter evenings in Finland are said to be longer and duller than in other parts of the world. So if holey-bogey could keep the Finns amused, you can see that it must be a pretty good game. They played with such enthusiasm that the English across the North Sea soon got the idea too. From England holey-bogey traveled in state to America via the lounge of the *Aquitania*. When I first came upon the game and welcomed it, there were only a few boards in New York. At the present time, I believe holey-bogey is as popular as backgammon and still gaining. People play sitting on the floor, standing at bars, or sitting at tables, alone, in pairs, in threes, fours, and even sixes. It's a cheery game, and a game that can boast of never having broken up a single home. This is an important point and meant to be taken seriously.

In Bermuda

(Continued from page 45)

ing in a row boat!) Yet, with all this activity, the effect is one of tranquillity; the gentle hills on the south, covered with cedars, dark between the pure blue of the sky and the sea, the little houses dazzlingly white, rose pink, soft yellow. The tempo of life changes, in this island; the speed is literally one horse power, not thirty or forty; the street sounds are different, no longer the thundering of trucks, the noise of automobile horns, but the clip-clop of horses' hoofs, and the ring of a bicycle bell. You *can't* hurry—and you don't want to any more.

Travellers there become aware of a new capacity for sleep. Those proud people who aver that they never sleep in the daytime are conquered. They fill up their day with engagements, eighteen holes of golf in the morning, then a swim, then lunch; after lunch a drive or a bicycle trip to some new place for tea. And they don't appear at tea, or come very late, and apologetic. "I simply lay down for a moment after lunch. . . . I never sleep in the day, but . . ."

There are days in the winter which are bracing, even sharp; to drive, to watch a tennis tournament you will want a warm coat. But the sun is hot on the beaches, the water never really cold. There are high winds sometimes, sudden and violent showers, but it is on the whole a climate of wonderful equability. And this has left its impress on the inhabitants. The Bermudians are quiet, decorous, formal, because they have never been disturbed. They have had no riots and invasions, none of the bloody and stirring history of the West Indies; they have no famines, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions; there isn't even a snake in their paradise. Both Nature and man have been kind to them. The tourists arrive in hundreds, thousands, and the island welcomes them, provides them with all they desire. But for the Bermudian, Bermuda is above all things his home; he holds sturdily to his own customs, and the essential quality of the place can best be expressed in the British sense of the word "homely".

A little after five, the homeward flight begins. The springless carts they call "trolleys" go rattling back to their stables, the town becomes deserted; the windows of the little white houses shed a warm light into the walled gardens. The bicycle lights are like fireflies in the dusk, flitting along the roads lined with oleanders, cedars, the shrub called "match-me-if-you-can", because no two leaves are alike.

Later you will see men in dinner jackets, women in evening dress in carriages, on bicycles, on foot, carrying electric torches. The hotel orchestras strike up, the busy ferries carry the pleasure-seekers now. Perhaps the regimental band from the garrison at Prospect is going across to play at a hotel on the other side of the harbour, stalwart North of England boys, looking amazingly

young. A sailboat slips past in the moonlight, past the wooded islands; the people on board are singing. A double-decked ferry, brilliantly-lit, sets out; the coloured people are making a moonlight excursion.

The drinks to be got need no explaining. There is simply everything, Scotch and Canadian whiskey, English and German beer, Bacardi from Cuba, Holland gin. The local specialty is Bermuda milk punch, a potent and quite clear liquid, though it is genuinely made with milk. You can have a West Indian swizzle, or a Manhattan cocktail, or you can order a "mineral", which is a generic name for "soft drinks".

We had eight Christmases in Bermuda. It was somehow surprising to look from the windows of rooms which might have existed in New York or Brooklyn in the 90's, and see palms, pawpaws, banana trees in the garden. Just as it was always novel to go out in the evening, in a long frock, and get into a victoria, and, in ten minutes, be in a hotel where an orchestra was playing jazz.

Christmas there is a quiet day; it is not until Boxing Day that the Mucka-jumbies come. There is the sound of a drum, and a fife or whistle, queer, tuneless music that is pure rhythm, and here they come, almost invariably West Indian Negroes, dressed, for some reason of their own, in a strange variation of the American Indian costume, in high, feathered headdresses and costumes on which are sewn numberless little mirrors. Curious enough that they should dress as Indians, but to complete the delightful unreason, they often have with them a Maypole with coloured ribbons, around which they dance, weaving in and out, stamping, leaping grotesquely, to that tuneless rhythm.

The races at Shelly Bay take place on Boxing Day, and everyone goes, the tourists in victorias and surreys, the inhabitants in buggies, traps, in "trolleys", in delivery carts, and, of course, on bicycles. "Indians" go, too; it is a local institution.

Eight Christmases there. . . . On Christmas Eve, a tall cedar tree, glistening with tinsel and coloured balls in the Victorian drawing-room. And, toward midnight, there is the sound of singing in the distance.

"When shepherds watch their flocks by night . . ."

It is the waits, the band playing, the soft Negro voices coming nearer and nearer. The earth's first Christmas must have been a night like this, calm, clear and mild, the stars so near and so brilliant. . . . Such a quiet night. . . . So serene and gentle a little world; an oasis, where it doesn't much matter if the house door is left unlocked. . . . The cedar tree in the drawing-room is sprinkled with artificial snow, but from outside comes a faint fragrance of flowers. The lights are out; dancing stopped at midnight. . . .

"Silent night, holy night," the waits are singing, dim shadows in the road outside the house. . . .

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Dinner for Two—with Variations

(Continued from page 39)

dance music. You're aware that there's music there, somewhere in the background—but it doesn't blare in your ear, and split deafeningly through your best "bon mot." If you're the super-thyroid type that just can't sit quietly through a dinner, you can dance to it. If not, you actually can chat to it. *Viva—diminuendo!*

As to the food—just listen to the specialties of the house. Caviar au blins, green turtle soup, cream of sorrel, breast of chicken Bojoisky, breast of guinea hen sauterne, entrecote bordelaise, grouse, woodcock, and so on. What is America coming to? We'll all be a pack of querulous old gourmets practically any day now if we go on like this—quarreling with waiters because there's a drop too much something or other in the sauce. Obviously, the good old pioneer ham and eggs point of view about food is passing away.

If you're feeling exclusive, you can gather your little clan about you and have a private party in one of the two smaller rooms. One is really for stag parties—very masculine, and English, and sporting. Hunting prints, race track scenes, and so on. A great place for the boys to get together after a hard day at the stock ticker and turn into country squires and sporting gentlemen just for the night. If, on the other hand, the party includes some feminine beauty and wit, the other room is in order. Gainsborough over the mantelpiece, rose walls, Elizabethan chairs, silver candlesticks, Haviland China. Very charming, in a formal way.

But don't think that there's nothing to be done but eating and drinking and making merry. There are tennis courts, a golf course, and

swimming pools (lighted up at night, incidentally, just to put ideas into the heads of gay young blades toward the end of warm evenings). We're also told that on a clear day you can see the Chrysler building and the Empire State building from the 18th hole of the golf course—as if that would endear the place to us.

Stables too—where you can keep your favorite saddle horse and polo pony, just in case, depression or no depression, housing polo ponies is one of your immediate problems. One hundred miles of bridle paths, membership in the Private Lanes Association, hunt breakfasts—all that sort of thing to keep the "horsey" set pink cheeked and busy.

Nor are things at a standstill. No indeed—great plans are still in the wind. Not satisfied with all these facilities, they're planning to make a skating rink, build a toboggan slide, and arrange skiing and winter sports facilities. Just mention airplanes, and they'd probably build an airport quick as a wink. . . .

And may we add, in our best bluebird of happiness manner, that not only this particular country club—but country clubs in general seem to be taking a new lease on life. All up and down the suburbs, they're taking off the slip covers, shaking out the camphor balls, and removing mortgages in great style. It's with the greatest of pleasure that we report this—the first indication of a returning prosperity. That almost defunct rural institution wasn't dead after all—just playing 'possum. Here it is, back on duty again, just as good as new. In fact (lifting one eyebrow knowingly) just a little bit better.

In the Spirit of Medici

(Continued from page 12)

they somehow relay it to the old Spanish reds of the divan, the antique tones of Spanish primitives on the walls, and of the 16th Century Flemish tapestry of the Stations of the Cross. At the same moment you realize how thoroughly a room for music it must be. Not merely because of its mood, but technically and acoustically, because of its wooden walls and the balcony at one end. The balcony is usually the dining room, but on occasion it has served most effectually as a minstrel gallery.

But going back to color. In the dining room the focal point we were talking of, is a row of clear vermilion Venetian glass goblets and two tall vermilion bottles on the buffet table in front of the window. How the light shines through this red, and through a few smaller old English blue ones, if it isn't magic, it is perilously near it. And then you notice the ceiling. Between the beams are painted pano-

ramic Mediaeval hunting scenes. They are some of Mrs. Thomas's own work, and were inspired by the illuminations in a rare and ancient treatise on hunting by Gaston Phoebus, Conte de Foix.

Her real studio is located a few doors away. But sometimes she sets up an easel in her own room. Part of her bedroom has been raised a few feet, to form a sort of dais, and the windows across one side of the room face the north. One entire wall, the one not taken up by windows and the beautifully carved Renaissance bed and chest, is filled with bookshelves. And there are books practically everywhere else—on the footboard of the bed with the bust of her small daughter, on tables, and on the desk beneath half a dozen bowls of dahlias which happened at the moment to be sitting for their portrait. The dahlias alone seemed thoroughly modern, and totally unaffected by reincarnation and Renaissance atmosphere.



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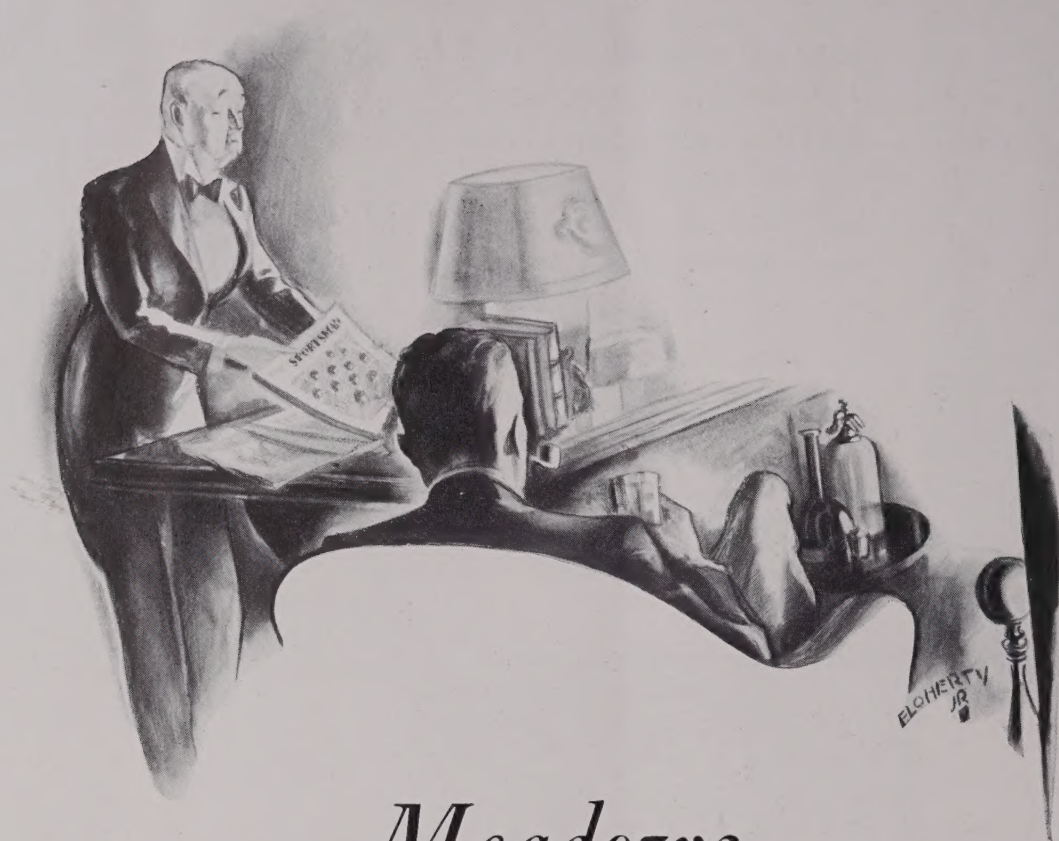
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Now that the hunter is home from the hill, there is the welcoming fire, the cheering glass and Meadows moving quietly in the back-ground.

Watch this shrewdest of servitors as he bends above the long reading-table to select, from all the beguiling publications there displayed, the one most suited to the master's mood. It is, you may be sure, *THE SPORTSMAN*.

Unerringly, Meadows has chosen the magazine which goes unerringly to its goal—the satisfaction of the reading hunger of the sports lovers of America.

THE SPORTSMAN, month by month, brings to its select audience a three-fold measure of entertainment. In its wide pages are the keen delights of the

anticipation of sports to come, the immediate concern with the present sports scene, the retrospective pleasures of playing the game all over again. In the writing of *THE SPORTSMAN*, its lavish pictorial pageantry, its whole colorful makeup, there is the authentic note of good breeding which carries its instant appeal to the well-bred.

In homes where polo and the hunt, yachting and the steeple-chase are vital parts of life's rounded program, *THE SPORTSMAN* serves the richest of reading fares.

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THE SPORTSMAN

RICHARD E. DANIELSON, *Editor*

60 Batterymarch

Boston, Mass.



Photograph courtesy of Nancy McClelland, Inc.

WOULD YOU HAVE THOUGHT TO DO THESE THINGS?

TO gain a crisp, stimulating effect through a strict adherence to a color combination of red, white and gray?

TO heighten the interest of plain walls by suggesting panels with a colorful wallpaper border?

TO use two strips of antique Directoire embroidery—red embroidery on rough linen—as trimming for your draperies?

TO copy the motif from these strips on a painted wooden valance?

TO achieve variety and a pleasant informality by using a mixture of furniture styles and fabrics—of plain and painted woods, of formal Louis XVI chairs and charming Louis XV tables, of satin and velvet and taffeta and plaid silk?

DO you know the rules of decoration well enough, and are you sure enough of your taste, to depart from standard arrangements, to be original and imaginative successfully?

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· WHY NOT PUT IT TO WORK FOR YOU?

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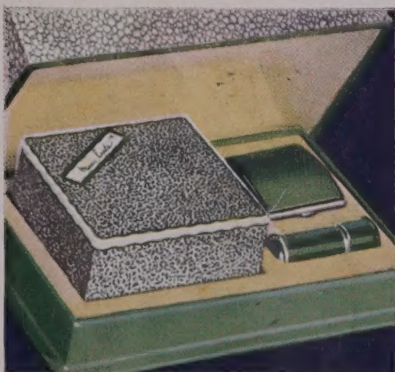
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